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REPRESENTATIVE MEYER JACOBSTEIN of Rochester, New York, is one of the few people in the country who have not forgotten there is such a thing as a coal question. As surely as day moves into night our present happy oblivion will be shortly superseded by more strikes, turmoil, and suffering unless something fundamental is done. Mr. Jacobstein sees the problem steadily and sees it whole. He has just told the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee that when the soft-coal union agreements expire in 1927 there is bound to be serious trouble unless steps are taken in advance to short-circuit it. He points out that the anthracite situation is far from settled; that the operators are now trying to unload a part of the cost of the recent strike on the public by refusing to grant the customary spring reduction of fifty cents a ton. Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, has joined him in this charge by estimating the total extra cost to anthracite consumers at $75,000,000 annually. Mr. Jacobstein's recommendations are specific and, in our opinion, sound. He proposes that the coal industry be declared a public utility; that a Coal Bureau be established by the federal Government to gather essential facts continuously and to make public reports at frequent intervals, especially regarding profits and prices; that legislation be enacted to promote better relations between operators and miners; and, finally, in case of emergency, that the President be authorized to take over and operate the mines. Declaring that Congress has delayed too long in coming to the rescue of a sick industry and a long-suffering public, he concludes: "The people will and should hold us responsible if we fail to enact coal legislation at this Congress." They should, Heaven knows, and one can only pray they will.

THE STRIKE in the woolen mills of Passaic, New Jersey, shows no sign of settlement. A committee of the strikers went to Washington. From the President they got nothing; from the Secretary of Labor they got a highly dubious offer of arbitration; from Senator La Follette they got a peppery Senate resolution which recites their grievances and calls for a thoroughgoing investigation by the federal Government. As a preliminary to acting on the resolution, Senator Edwards has come to New Jersey, where he has announced that under no circumstances will he have any dealings with Albert Weisbord, the leader of the strike; which is "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. If the gentlemen who represent the Government would do less shivering in their shoes over communism, and devote some intelligent interest to the specific grievances of the strikers—most of whom have no idea of what communism means—they might the sooner end an intolerable industrial situation.

MEANWHILE, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers send in two carloads of food to Passaic; the Bakers' Union gives four truckloads of bread (only to have the police arrest the drivers and confiscate one of the trucks), and the East Side Merchants' Association donates $1,015 to the relief fund. Yet the *Textile Worker*, the official magazine of the United Textile Workers of America, runs half-page advertisements of the Botany Worsted Mills, Forstmann and Huffmann, and the Gera Mills—all concerns where employees are now out on strike—although the official position of the union, as expressed in an editorial, is that of sympathy for the strikers along with condemnation of their leaders. But if, as the editorial flatly states, "the uprising at Passaic, New Jersey, was the result of abuses and wage reductions," why collect money for advertisements from the men who are responsible for those abuses and wage reductions? There are more sinister things in the world than a left-wing leadership.

IS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE sending Carmi A. Thompson to the Philippines for the benefit of the Filipinos or for the good of Republican politics in Ohio? This is the question that Washington is asking, believing that Colonel Thompson is a superfluous figure in the campaign for governor and that Republican harmony might be promoted by his absence from the State. Colonel Thompson is

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a friend of General Wood, and the popular expectation is that the report of conditions in the islands which he will bring back will be little more than a complimentary review of the existing American regime. Mr. Coolidge's action has led the Democrats to demand a bi-partisan investigating commission which may or may not eventuate. In any case there is, strictly speaking, only one thing to be investigated either by Colonel Thompson or a congressional commission. That is whether a "stable government" exists in the Philippines. If so, the United States is in honor bound to live up to the promise it made in passing the present governmental act for the islands, and grant them independence. No visions of rubber culture or commercial advantage can be allowed to obscure that simple fact.

THE DEBATES on the Italian debt agreement in the Senate reveal nothing except that the entire question remains, as it has been in the past, beyond the understanding and the statesmanship of official Washington. We criticized the agreement when it was negotiated by the Debt Commission [*The Nation*, November 15, page 585], but not because of the smallness of the promised payments. Probably Italy cannot pay more and certainly it ought not to promise to. The trouble with the agreement is that it has been put before the public dishonestly and has been coupled with private financing in such a way as to make the whole proceeding little short of a scandal. The agreement, even if carried out to the end of its sixty-two years (and no intelligent person believes that it will be), provides for the payment of only about a quarter of the entire principal and interest. Thus the arrangement is primarily a cancelation rather than a collection and should have been so put before the public. This would have helped our reputation in Europe and kept the record straight at home. But the agreement was put out from Washington as a fine business settlement, a good bargain for us and an indication to the world of the soundness of Italy's credit. And then, with the tacit approval of Washington, Wall Street floated a private loan to Italy the risk of which to the investing public was thus greatly minimized.

THE FACT THAT ITALY is at present under the thumb of an unscrupulous dictator has nothing to do with the debt settlement. It is for Italy to determine its government—not Washington. Our policy should be "Hands off," just as in Russia and Mexico. Nor can we see any possible gain in trying to exact more onerous terms of payment from Italy. When Senator Borah declares he would favor complete cancelation in return for disarmament (why didn't he say this several years ago when it might have done some good?) but that he believes leniency under present conditions serves to perpetuate militarism, he obviously thinks we are dealing with real instead of stage money. Our cancelation of the entire debt would not free a lira for militarism, because Italy has no sinking fund for the repayment of the sum and is not even carrying it on its books as an obligation. When Senator Smoot naively said the other day that this country would never get back its foreign loans until another world war shifted the money center from the United States to some other country, he said something that is truer than it is alarming. The fact is that this country doesn't want to get back its foreign loans, so far at least as they are private flotations; it wants to put out more. Its concern is merely for a safe and liberal return of interest. The way to assure that is to face financial situations as they are, playing neither the Shylock nor the sentimentalist.

LEARNING IS THE LATEST transgressor against Fascism to incur the silencing action of the Big Stick. The traditional detachment of the academic is no protection when the Dictator's Cabinet suspects sedition hiding beneath his gown. Consequently the Italian academies of art and science are to be dissolved, in the order of their importance, the Academia dei Lincei being the first to disappear, followed by the Italian Society for Scientific Progress. Further, a government order within the past fortnight dispersed the Congress of Italian Professors of Philosophy held at the University of Milan. The professors had been debating for three days, all unconscious that three detectives were making shorthand notes for the Prefect of Police which would bring their problems in philosophy to a premature solution. Perhaps one of their problems was the logic of a man who one day boasts that he will build a Rome to surpass the Rome of the Age of Gold, and, the next, takes swift steps to suppress the descendants of that very intellectual activity which gilded the age. It is probable that after this gesture there will be little left to suppress, since Roberto Farinacci, Secretary General of the Fascist Party and Mussolini's prime suppressor, has finished his work and resigned his post. He is supplanted by the milder Agosto Turati, known as a labor organizer, whose function may be to try to bring into reality Mussolini's dream of a syndicalist state.

FRANCE HAS BALANCED its budget, theoretically at least, but the financial situation is not yet as reassuring as we would wish. It remains to be seen whether estimates on paper will stand the test of actual experience and, even more serious, whether the bill recently passed by the Chamber of Deputies will be allowed to remain. The bill was voted 227 to 103, but more than 250 deputies purposely absented themselves, so the scheme is obviously a minority measure. This is one reason, no doubt, why the passage of the bill in the Chamber of Deputies brought no improvement in the exchange value of the franc. After the action of the Chamber, the Senate struck out the provisions for government monopolies of oil and sugar which had been inserted largely to conciliate the Socialists. It is a striking proof of the power of what Woodrow Wilson called the "invisible government" that the oil monopoly had barely become a probability when Washington let loose a blare of propaganda against it. So tender is the Coolidge Administration toward the profits of the Standard Oil Company in France that Secretary Kellogg lost no time in cabling Ambassador Herrick to make "informal inquiries" of the French Government. It was carefully explained that it would be "without the province of the American Government" to make a "formal protest," but we succeeded just the same in meddling with something that was none of our business when powerful financial interests pulled the strings.

RUMANIA has its own "Ohio gang"—a group of political grafters who could instruct Harry Daugherty and his friends in the elementary principles of public corruption. Bratianu, lately Prime Minister and leader of the "Liberal" Party, has, either in office or out, owned and

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operated the kingdom of Rumania ever since the peace. He and his friends control the state bank and through it the credit facilities of the entire country; they control Rumania's important industries—oil, minerals, forests, and fisheries; they control the king; and they control the national elections. They did not, it appears, control Prince Carol, who was known to have played with the idea of a drastic reform by means of a Fascist revolution; but Carol is now a mere private citizen, "Carol Caraiman." Nor did they control the municipal elections in February which went overwhelmingly against the Liberals in spite of the use of all the orthodox methods of coercion and repression. So Bratianu, whose term expired on March 22, hurried into being a new election law on the Italian model which was frankly designed to "restrict the effects of universal suffrage" and "maintain the old regime in control of the country."

HE WENT OUT of office, discredited, rejected, and yet fairly confident. For he knew his king. The Rumanian king may call any individual to form a cabinet regardless of his party strength. Instead of calling a representative of either important opposition party, the Nationalist or the Peasant, he has chosen as Premier M. Avarescu, who is regarded as Bratianu's tool and whose little People's Party has only five seats in the present Parliament. Upon Avarescu falls the task of holding elections within the next two months. With a new electoral law and a camouflage cabinet to work through, Bratianu has some reason for confidence. He may swing the elections and come back into power with an apparent majority. He may continue to control cabinet and king, banks and business, and to wreak his will on the country—until the inevitable crash comes. For Rumania's money under the Bratianu dictatorship has dropped to one-fiftieth of its original gold value; the national minorities and the peasants are in a state of violent ferment; the dynasty is unpopular; and the opposition, composed of the Bessarabian Peasants' Party and the Transylvanian Nationalists, holds a majority in the present Parliament. The next months may witness something more violent in Rumania than royal abdications and court intrigues.

ONCE MORE the New York *World* is making an attack upon a Southern convict system, this time in Alabama where the Attorney General has revealed the case of one convict done to death as a result of cruel and inhumane treatment, his body subsequently being filled with bichloride of mercury to make him appear a suicide. There are other cases reported of cruel and inhumane treatment, one man having his arms broken and many others being beaten in order to speed them up. No less than thirty-two cases of flogging are reported as occurring in 1925, although this form of punishment was "stopped" by the Governor in 1922. There is nothing surprising in this. These things will continue to happen just as long as the convict-leasing system remains and the State thinks it can make money out of the bodies and souls of those whom it convicts of violating its laws. It is of no importance whether the State made $595,000 in 1925 or whether it will make $1,000,000 in 1926; just as long as human beings have absolute control over the bodies of other human beings there will be torture, murder, and malfeasances without end. Precisely as there is no system of human slavery that can be devised that will not be an unending atrocity, so there can be no penal slavery of the convict-gang type which will not remain a stench in the nostrils of all decent human beings. A good warden may turn up here and a fine one there; that will be merely accidental. The viciousness within the system will result in exposés at regular intervals—and nothing will be remedied until the whole abominable theory that a State shall make money out of its criminals, and allow other people to do so, is done away with.

PROFESSOR ALBERT BUSHNELL HART'S coming retirement from Harvard University will end an extraordinarily long career of forty-three years as a teacher of government and history. The list of his books, his historical achievements, and the numerous articles which have appeared from his pen in our magazines would take pages to recite. If it cannot be said that as an historical writer he has taken front rank, it is none the less true that he has enormously stimulated interest in American history, made easily accessible many sources, and given to his classes not only a picture of the times which he discussed, but pictures carefully related to the constitutional development of our country. At Harvard he has often been a liaison officer between that university and the Middle Western colleges in the territory from which Professor Hart himself came. He has, moreover, been one of those teachers who have felt it their patriotic duty to take an active part in the discussion of public questions and the solving thereof. *The Nation* has of late years often had to disagree with many of his judgments and his political and international positions. It does not believe that his views on the Great War have stood, or will stand, the test of time; there was too much of the passion of the enthusiast and too little of the critical judgment of the historian in them. But it gladly testifies to the sincerity and earnestness with which he has advocated his causes and his unquestioned desire to serve his country to the best of his unusual ability.

France and England have placed a ban on American jazz bands in order to protect the interests of native musicians.—Press item.

WE'VE got those International Blues,
Those International Blues;
We've gotta stay home—
No more Rome,
No more England or France for us,
No señoritas to dance for us.
That's the news:
Just like booze
In the land of the free,
No more blues
Can land oversea.
No jazz band
Any more
Can set foot on Europe's shore.
We're weepin', we're cryin',
It's very, very tryin';
We've done our best to please an' amuse,
For pennies an' marks an' crowns an' sous,
On strasses an' rues an' avenues,
But now they've shut us out like steel or shoes
—An' we've got those International Blues.

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Wet or Dry?

THE worst foes of prohibition at this moment are among the forces of the Drys. They consist of those who are opposing the legitimate and growing movement to submit the liquor question to direct vote of the people through a national referendum, or by plebiscites in the various States, or both. This opposition is at once a denial of democratic procedure and a confession of the fear of defeat. If the issue is forced in this country, we predict not only the defeat of such opposition but widespread harm to the cause of prohibition in proportion to the stubbornness and extent to which democratic action is resisted by the Drys. The American electorate has a habit of swinging to extremes, and if sufficiently goaded by obstructive tactics on the part of misguided Dry politicians it is capable of visiting its vengeance upon the cause for which they stand with no reference whatever to its merits.

Americans generally—whatever their percentage of humidity—should realize that prohibition is now our major political issue. By one of those odd, illusive shifts in public opinion the demands of the Wets, which a year ago were little more than a joke, are now the most warmly and generally discussed question in the country. In our issue of March 24 we pointed out that in several of our most populous States the stage for the election of United States Senators next autumn had been so set already that the contests would turn largely or entirely on the liquor issue. This tendency has every evidence of spreading rapidly in the course of the next few months, so that the liquor question will be the paramount one in State and congressional elections next November and may not improbably turn the polling—which until lately had promised to be as dull as ditch-water—into one of the liveliest contests we have had in years. The major political parties are for the most part, of course, trying to keep from any declaration for or against prohibition, but individuals within them are seizing opportunities for advancement by personal avowals, and so great is the danger to solidarity in this tendency that astute leaders are beginning to see the advantage of removing the question from party politics by submitting it to the people direct as a special issue.

This, we believe, is precisely how the question ought to be treated. It is stupid and futile for spokesmen of the Drys to classify all those who are demanding a submission of the liquor question to popular vote as foes of prohibition, or to attempt to block the movement even if the contention is true. The facts are, as we see them, that a vast number of people who personally favor prohibition believe, nevertheless, that it ought not to be and cannot be forced upon an unwilling population. They recognize that in important and populous sections of the country the enforcement of the Volstead act has become such a farce and disgrace—such a source of corruption and crime—as to at least raise seriously the question of its modification. Drys who are intelligently devoted to the cause of temperance will, we think, welcome every possible direct test of public opinion as a guide to future action in this direction.

The original error in the prohibition campaign, as *The Nation* has pointed out before, is that the Drys refused to put the Eighteenth Amendment before the country in democratic fashion. There are two ways in which an amendment to the Constitution may be acted upon by the States. One is by vote of the legislatures, the other by the decision of special conventions elected to pass upon that issue and no other. The second method is in effect, of course, a popular referendum. The first method complicates the issue with scores of others and is no accurate indication of popular sentiment whatever. Yet the second method was deliberately rejected by the Drys in favor of the first, and if now they are compelled to go back and fight the battle over again from the beginning they have only their opportunist and undemocratic tactics to thank for the fact. Above all, they have nothing to gain and possibly their whole cause—temporarily, at least—to lose by continuing to stand out against democratic action.

The Nation has no pet kind of referendum to advocate. We welcome any and all that would put the issue in a simple, honest way before the voters. The issue is an admirable one, if fairly presented, to put to a popular referendum. It is not complicated with technicalities nor abstruse principles. It is one upon which almost everybody has an opinion and is itching to express it. Senator Edge of New Jersey has lately introduced a bill into Congress which would provide for a national referendum on the Volstead act in November, 1928. We see no reason for delaying until 1928, but otherwise the idea is good. It is difficult to credit the sincerity of those who are raising the specter of unconstitutionality in connection with such a proceeding. When one considers that in 1917 we provided for a national registration in order to carry out the draft law, it is hard to see how the slight novelty proposed by Senator Edge for the elections of 1928 would not be within the province of Congress. Of course, the vote would have no binding effect upon that body, but it would provide just the factual basis that we need for legislation.

In spite of its reasonableness there is said to be no hope of the passage of the Edge measure at this session of Congress. Doubtless the prohibition issue has got to become hotter and more dangerous to party organization—and it will—before Congress takes such a step. Congressmen from districts known to be dry—and there are many of them—are still as afraid to vote for such a measure as to hold on to the proverbial hot potato; and this without regard to their personal convictions or habits, in regard to alcohol.

While waiting for Congress to act, however, there is a prospect that some States may hold individual referendums. In New York, for instance, where the Democratic Party is admittedly moist, the Republican politicians—in control of the Legislature and at first opposed to submitting the question to the people—have become frightened at the possible unhappy consequences in the fall elections and are grasping at a plebiscite as the best way to ward off trouble. As this issue of *The Nation* goes to press there is every prospect of the Legislature passing a bill, drafted by Elihu Root, providing for a referendum in the near future. At the same time it is announced by one of the leaders of the Drys that an attempt will be made to enjoin in the courts the carrying out of the proposed referendum. Should such obstructive tactics be successful, the Drys will pay for the folly a hundred times over unless human nature acts differently from what it has ever been known to heretofore.

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Perfumes of Geneva

IT was to be expected that the Locarno pact would arouse unrestrained optimism among our leaders of opinion. So-called peace devices always do. Arbitration was for a time thought to constitute a panacea for war. George Harvey has never been accused of sentimental optimism, but in *Harper's Weekly* of December 11, 1909, in an editorial on The Progress of Peace he wrote: "The world is going well. The Prince of Peace is coming to His own." Two years later Mr. Taft published an article under the title "The Dawn of World Peace." The war came and went, teaching us nothing. The founding of the League of Nations provoked the most extravagant hopes. The Washington Disarmament Conference was heralded with wild enthusiasm; every signatory Power is spending more money on its navy now than it did before the conference. The organization of the World Court, with its dependence on the military oligarchy which gave it birth, has been lauded as a great contribution to peace. One is reminded of Carl Sandburg's lines:

> They put up big wooden gods.
> Then they burned the big wooden gods
> And put up brass gods and
> Changing their minds suddenly
> Knocked down the brass gods and put up
> A dough-faced god with gold ear-rings.
> The poor muts, the pathetic slant heads,
> They didn't know a little tin god
> Is as good as anything in the line of gods,
> Nor how a little tin god answers prayer
> And makes rain and brings luck
> The same as a big wooden god or a brass
> Or a dough-face god with golden ear-rings.

What our leaders of opinion appear not to see as yet is that the abolition of the institution of war hinges on just one thing—international intention. The nations can never relegate war to the limbo of discarded institutions the while they deliberately permit it to retain its ancient legal sanctions and protections. Men keep shouting from the house-tops that war is a crime. It is not, of course, and you do not hear them demand that it be made one. They take care to keep from advocating that war be deinstitutionalized, and yet are confident that Mars cannot escape the newest flimsy trap that has been set for him. They busy themselves to awake the public mind and conscience to the evils of war, and never lift a finger to secure a basic law against war through which alone conviction and conscience can become effective. We impugn the insight and grasp and intellectual consistency of our international experts only to avoid impugning their sincerity. If the reader thinks we mis-state their attitude, let him go and listen to one of these "After the World Court—What?" speeches with which citizens are now favored.

One becomes extremely weary of the constantly paraded assumption that the nations can rid themselves of this cancer which a child can see requires surgical treatment, and at once, only after decades of experimenting with various absurd palliatives. This fashionable delusion that a long trial-and-error process is the inevitable preliminary to the ending of war and will inevitably end war without an actual forswearing of war on the part of the nations is presumed to be in keeping with the evolutionary hypothesis. Well, it is in keeping with Herbert Spencer's naive belief in evolution as a steady and inevitable progression from low to high and bad to good. But Spencer's view is antedated. Ellsworth Faris, professor of sociology in the University of Chicago, has recently written as follows:

> When applied to social and ethical problems . . . the facile generalizations of Herbert Spencer have one by one broken down under the increased strain of accumulated facts. . . . Progress as the specific achievement of a definite aim is one thing, while progress as a steady and progressive realization of the common good or happiness is another. . . . Progress is the process by means of which we control our own destinies and analyze our own problems, making our own plans and bringing them to pass where we can, in spite of the niggardliness of a step-motherly nature.

What does this mean as applied to the problem of abolishing war? It means that war cannot be dethroned through devices which are not seriouly intended to dethrone it, no matter how long a stretch of time may be assumed for their operation. And it means, equally, that if we but bring our wills and brains and zeal to the task there is no reason whatever why we cannot abolish the institution of war in our generation, just as our fathers abolished the institution of slavery in their generation, and our grandfathers the institution of dueling in theirs.

Right at this point it is necessary to draw an important distinction. To outlaw war means to abolish this now lawful institution by smashing its legal props and branding it a crime. That the nations can accomplish this by a treaty agreement whenever they determine to do it is not open to question. Whether the destruction of war as a lawful institution can be counted on to end war as an international practice, and, if so, how so and how soon, are further questions. The point for the moment is that war cannot be abolished—nor any real step taken toward its abolition—without outlawing it. Until we will to do this all the perfumes of Geneva cannot wash out this damnéd spot.

Jacob Adler

JACOB ADLER died on March 31 at the age of seventy-three years; 50,000 of his devoted admirers came to pay him a last tribute at his funeral. Six years ago a stroke of paralysis put an end to his long career in the Yiddish theater, but the throngs which had come to cheer him upon the few occasions when his broken figure was to be seen upon the stage for a benefit performance testified to the fact that he was not forgotten. Essentially a lover of the dramatic gesture, it is said that he confided to a friend a few years ago his desire to have the biggest funeral which the East Side had ever seen; possibly his desire was gratified. For hours the sidewalks of Second Avenue were packed with thousands, in the theater where the ceremonies were held emissaries from Broadway joined his former associates in paying him tribute, and the whole of the quarter which for nearly forty years his performances had thrilled was given over to a demonstration emotional enough to have satisfied Adler's own highly emotional nature.

To his fellow Jews of New York City Adler was much more than a moving actor; he was a symbol of the emotional unity and the artistic expression which a group of exiles had been able to achieve in a foreign land. Himself a refugee from the Russian Czar, whose spies had reported that the plays dealing with Jewish life which he performed

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in the Ghetto were the occasion of outbursts of racial feeling, he came to America in the eighties after a short stay in London, and found a hoard of expatriates whose emotional life was unorganized and who had not yet found any real home here. He soon became a dominating figure in the crude theater of the East Side, and he strove continually to make it a more adequate organ for the expression of the life of his people. In the nineties he first appeared in the plays of Gordin, who prepared the way for Sholom Asch and David Pinski, and he added Shakespeare as well as other classical dramatists to his repertory. More than any other single man he was responsible for the rapid development of the Yiddish stage in New York, and that stage was one of the most important factors in developing a self-conscious Jewish culture in America. He was for his people a symbol of their artistic effort, and it was the passing of that symbol which was so genuinely and universally mourned.

Physically and temperamentally Adler was fitted to become a popular idol. His temperament was fiery and his career tempestuous. He had many quarrels and he delighted in publicity, but he carried everything off with a grand gesture which appealed to the imagination of the populace. His ambition led him to undertake the most exalted roles, but he never lost touch with popular taste and his interpretations were sometimes sensational. Thus, for example, he made Shylock a proud and noble-hearted aristocrat who won a legitimate triumph over a traditional enemy, and in this and other interpretations he showed that he knew how to make a bold bid for the approval of his audience. A whole group of actors and actresses, including David Kessler and Bertha Kalich, grew up around him and so completely did he—the "Great Eagle"—become a legend that when two years ago he appeared at a benefit and found himself unable to speak the mere nodding of his head was enough to awaken an outburst from his admiring audience.

Judged by Occidental standards Adler was, perhaps, not a great actor. His playing was of an old-fashioned declamatory type and it was broadly emotional, but he was a handsome and magnetic person whose impulsive and extravagant temper, coupled with his striking figure and tremendous voice, made him extremely impressive. He was, moreover, thoroughly of his people, for he was born in Odessa and as a boy had toured southern Russia with a troupe of Jewish actors. To thousands of Jews to whom the New World was a forbidding wilderness he was a familiar voice in whom they heard expressed again the temperament and the traditions which they had left behind, and to the second generation he constituted not a memory but a promise, for he was not only a link with the past.

Through the stage which he had helped to establish, writers who were interpreting the life in the new country were given an opportunity for expression and Yiddish literature was encouraged. He was a pioneer who demonstrated that art could flourish among the exiles and that it need not be a foreign art. He boldly upheld the right of his own race to maintain and develop its own culture; he was a bulwark against that too rapid Americanization which so frequently meant a mere vulgarization; and if he was not great in any absolute artistic sense he played a great part. New York's East Side has produced no more picturesque figure than he.

The Autobiography of Youth

PERSONS have been heard to remark of late years that the urge to autobiography seems to be coming earlier and earlier in the careers of those who practice at all this fascinating form of literary and narrative art. When Harry Kemp published "Tramping on Life" in his late thirties there was not so much to be said, perhaps, because that book was at least disguised autobiography. But then Alfred Kreymborg in his early forties paused to review the life he had spent among "movements" in literature and music and painting; and murmurs here and there met "Troubadour" with a distinct challenge that its author prove his right to live over a life that in a sense was only getting under way. Sherwood Anderson's "A Story-Teller's Story," done before the novelist was fifty, was tolerated in view of the fact that Mr. Anderson had already achieved a wide and solid fame—and yet one did hear the question asked how soon we should be seeing memoirs dictated out of the cradle. According to all this, it was objected, it must become the rule before long that men commence as authors with volumes of reminiscences.

But that was the way Tolstoi began. "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth" were his earliest works. He wrote them in his middle twenties—whether in the face of protest is now unknown. And the scandal is even older. Wordsworth conceived his autobiographical poem, "The Prelude," around his thirtieth year, when he was still only slightly known and when he was by no means as sure of himself as he was later to be. Coleridge composed the "Biographia Litteraria" in his forties. Milton inserted in his prose pamphlets those famous autobiographical passages which are still the best record of his intellectual and spiritual progress when he was turning forty. Examples of the other thing are abundant, of course. Goethe, Franklin, Rousseau, Gibbon, Carlyle, and Ruskin produced their memoirs in late periods of their lives when there was a great deal to review and record. It is not strange that their cases have conventionally been taken to be typical.

But no one has ever enumerated the motives which lead to self-examination, and hence to autobiography. Instead of one there are, in fact, dozens—as many, possibly, as there are men. And certainly the motive of a Kemp, a Milton, a Wordsworth, a Kreymborg, an Anderson is as "typical" as that of a Goethe or a Gompers. The desire in such cases is not to speak of a life that is past but to impose upon the future some design whereby the life that is to be lived therein will become significant. The youth pauses on the threshold of maturity and takes stock of himself. He needs reassurance, perhaps; at any rate he wishes to know himself. A certain phase has just been finished; it is important to him; and if he is a genius, and has therefore compressed a great deal of sensation into a few years, he thinks he can make it important to others. Wordsworth, knowing himself to be a poet, but desiring to define to himself exactly how much of a poet and what kind he might eventually be, wrote "The Prelude" out of a distrust of his own powers—not, as certain contemporaries would have insisted had they seen the manuscript, out of conceit. And so on. The penalty thus invited is a serious one. The youth who has given his future to the world may live to find it unrealized and his autobiography a joke. But the risk he takes has been taken by great men.

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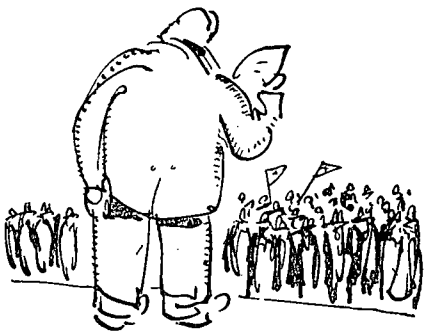
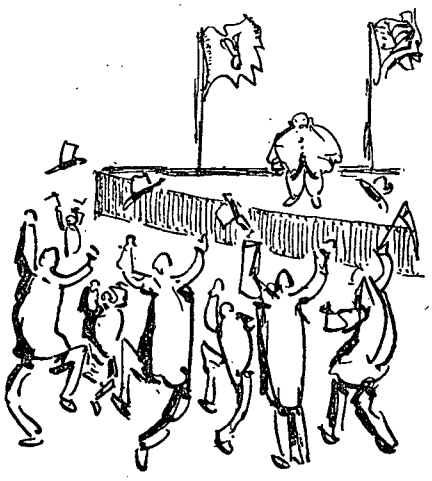
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.

"Gentlemen, I shall be delighted to come to you as your athletic coach. I accept this high office because I want to help preserve the lofty ideals that now exist at our colleges.

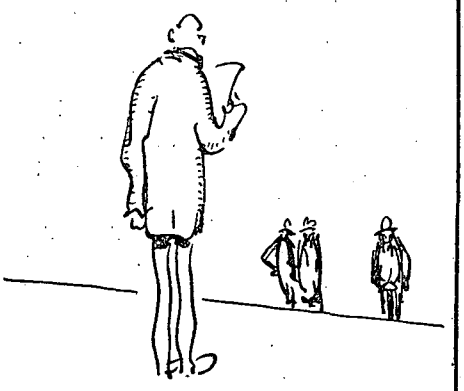


"I shall uphold the tradition of clean, red-blooded sport—that greatest of all character builders—and shall see to it that in our games we maintain our lofty ambitions.

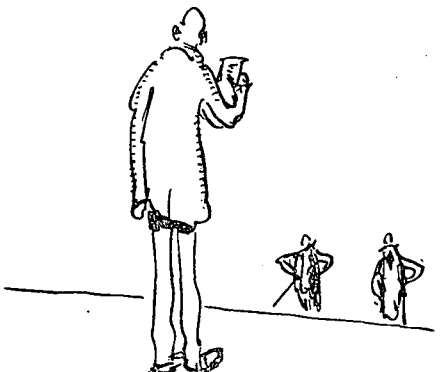
"But of course the laborer is worthy of his hire. And I shall have to insist upon an annual remuneration of $50,000."



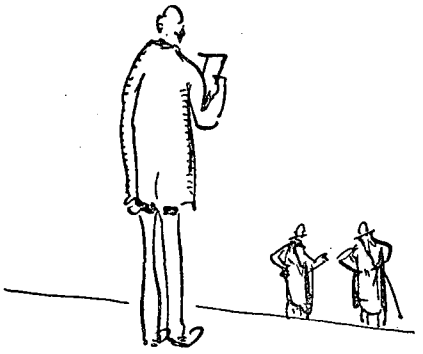
"Hooray for Bill!" . . . "Bill is all right!" . . . "Fifty thousand is not a cent too much!" . . . "Let us give him sixty thousand." . . . "Rah, rah, Bill!" etc., etc.



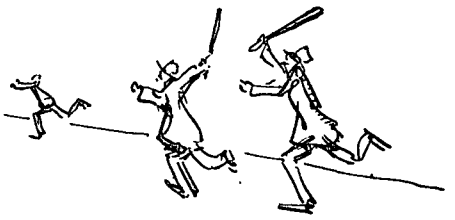
"Gentlemen, I shall be delighted to come to you as your professor of medicine. I accept this high office because I want to help preserve the lofty ideals that now exist at our colleges.



"I shall uphold the tradition of our noble profession and inspire the students with lofty ambitions.



"But of course I must keep alive. And I shall have to insist upon an annual remuneration of $5,000."



"The low grafter!" . . . "Bolshevik!" . . . "Agitator!" . . . "Kill him!"

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The Nakedness of Colonel House

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"THE Intimate Papers of Colonel House,"* by the Colonel and his editor, Professor Charles Seymour of Yale, do more than tear the mask from the face of the most amazing character and the most interesting lesser personality of the Wilson Administrations. They strip him to the buff. No more extraordinary self-revelation can be found in the memoirs of statesmen and public men, and it is the more remarkable because of the unconsciousness of the revealing. What could have induced Colonel House thus to show his hand and to step out of the character of the man of silence and mystery which he played upon a world stage is not clear, unless it was that he felt the necessity of replying to the letters of Walter Page. To him the Colonel *has* replied, and in doing so he has demolished with a few rounds of grape the elaborate structure of glorification lately set up about the former Ambassador to Great Britain. But in so doing he has bared himself, retaining not even a fig-leaf, and the picture is not one to enchant in so far as his political activities are concerned. True this Texas comet, which suddenly shone in the diplomatic heavens and made its rapid and brilliant way through that celestial sphere, cast a bright light while it traveled on its way. It did illumine the heavens; it did focus upon itself the attention of all astronomers and observers. But when it faded out it left the heavens exactly as they had been and thereby only accentuated the remoteness and the dulness of the professional statesman-stars across whose orbits the comet had flashed.

Beyond doubt here is an engaging personality. Shrewdness, the ability to draw others out, a tremendous power of sympathy and quick understanding, of eager friendliness, of apparent unselfishness, of profound interest in world problems—all of these combined, in addition to his personal attractiveness, to fit Colonel House for the role of king-maker and of king-director. As to this we have the testimony of Viscount Grey, who yielded on sight to the Colonel's charms. "It was not necessary to spend much time in putting our case to him. He had a way of saying 'I know it' in a tone and manner which carried conviction both of his sympathy with an understanding of what was said to him. . . . I found combined in him in a rare degree the qualities of wisdom and sympathy. In the stress of war it was at once a relief, a delight, and an advantage to be able to talk with him freely. His criticism or comment was valuable, his suggestions were fertile, and these were all conveyed with a sympathy that made it pleasant to listen to them." H. N. Brailsford adds this to the picture: "House had a way of impressing his personality with some unconscious magic on those with whom he talked. He seemed curiously modest. He talked very simply. One felt . . . his courtesy and sincerity." But this work has not proved him to have been entirely sincere or disinterested. It makes it clear that if he waved aside high public office, such as the Secretaryship of State, it was because he wished to be President or nothing—"nothing less than that would satisfy me . . ." he himself says. He obtained precisely what he wanted, namely, the position of the power behind the throne, and it flattered his vanity and caressed his ego far more than would have been the case had he accepted the Secretaryship of State and been held accountable by the country and the press for his official acts.

Public men, office-seekers, press men—whose editorials and dispatches he constantly dictated—came to him for aid, for news, for a thousand different things. He was errand boy, court chamberlain, buffer extraordinary, minister plenipotentiary, chief justice, writer of presidential notes, opinions, and speeches, chief of the secret service, the perfect counselor, and finally the self-appointed arbiter of the world's destiny. There is nothing like it in the political history of the United States, and nothing like it in the history of the modern world. Foreign diplomats took their orders from him—Spring-Rice came to House's heel when called like a well-trained setter (see Vol. I, p. 326). On one occasion, writes the Colonel to Wilson, "Spring-Rice wished to know if he was doing anything wrong or everything to please the State Department. It was rather a staggering question, and I had to tell him that some of his methods might be improved upon. *He promised to do better*" (italics mine). Even when so big a man as Franklin K. Lane wished to find out if he was doing well as a Cabinet official and pleasing the President he went not to the President but asked Colonel House. There can be no doubt that no other private citizen ever wielded greater power; and it, of course, could only have been wielded by a big and able man. This he did by the consent of the President, conscious and unconscious. It is safe to say that such an arrangement would have been tolerated by no other personality than that of Wilson, whose shyness, aloofness, and embarrassment in meeting people, as well as his laziness and procrastination, made him only too happy to have in Colonel House a friend who kept away hundreds of bores, saved the executive offices from conducting much correspondence that otherwise would have poured in upon it, and relieved him of endless labor.

There is no denying that in these volumes Colonel House and his editor, Professor Seymour, reveal constantly a very great satisfaction with the achievements of Edward M. House. To them it is not only an all but impeccable record but the most magnificent credited to any man among all the leaders of all the nations which were drawn into the war. Others might err—even President Wilson could blunder—but it is not often that Homer is allowed to nod. They are right in taking satisfaction in it, and the hidebound partisans of Woodrow Wilson are equally justified in gnashing their teeth over this record. They cannot deny that Colonel House helped to force Bryan upon the President, made up the Cabinet, and furnished ideas for it. It was the Colonel who, we now learn, originated all or a good part of that magnificent program of social and economic reform which made the first two years of Wilson's regime so brilliant in achievement. They cannot deny that when it came to foreign affairs House took the lead, that he conceived policy after policy, and that

* Houghton Mifflin Company. 2 vols. $10.

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Mr. Wilson accepted them and constantly wrote to him asking him for advice and aid as to how he should reply to a letter or a note or what policy he should institute or follow. Here is proof that House composed some of Wilson's most important speeches.

Besides the Cabinet officers, Colonel House chose the ambassadors—a sorry job he made of it, too—and actually notified them of their appointments and told them how they were to behave. The most amazing thing about it all is the way the Cabinet officers and the diplomats submitted to this government by an irresponsible individual. The Secretaries of State were apparently willing that they should be ignored and the public business conducted by Colonel House on secret instructions of which they were ignorant. Cabinet officers reported to him; they frequently could not communicate with the President or see him for weeks at a time—Lane alone was allowed to discuss with Wilson the Lusitania note before it was written, and that only over the telephone. The more the President lost faith in some of his Cabinet and his diplomats, and he lost that faith quickly in several cases, the more he was willing that Colonel House should take them off his hands. How Walter Page with any self-respect could have retained his position as Ambassador to Great Britain is beyond explanation; he must have been supremely dense not to have suspected that House was in London because the President, who often did not answer his letters, had no further use for him, and not to have insisted upon his resignation when he found that he could not take part with Colonel House in urging mediation upon the Allies.

Now, with all respect to both House and Wilson, the role assumed by Colonel House was one that could only result in disaster, as it finally did in the irrevocable break between the two men. This was due apparently to the feeling of the President that his Cardinal Wolsey had been faithless to his god in the White House, just as once before the relations between Colonel House and the President were summarily broken off—something not recorded in the volumes before us. Moreover, the position that House assumed compelled, I am inclined to think, insincerity and double-dealing, and more so as time went on. He became more and more Machiavellian. Thus, he claimed to be a pacifist—Professor Seymour even dares to say that this man who approved the slaughter of men, women, and children at Vera Cruz, the lawless invasion of Mexico by Pershing, and the murder of nearly three thousand Haitians under President Wilson's orders, "was himself, perhaps, the most sincere pacifist in America. . . ." (Vol. I, p. 21.) Well, if deceiving the pacifists who came to him in good faith and belief in his sincerity makes House a sincere pacifist, he is entitled to the credit. His real attitude he reveals when he boasts (Vol. II, p. 96) that he stirred up a controversy between a group of them "*as usual* . . . which delights me."

Again, at the very time that he was making the pacifists believe that he was one of them he was working with General Wood in the interest of preparedness and plotting how he could bring the President over to all of General Wood's plans for armament. Similarly he was for ruthlessness in dealing with any disturbing elements in the country. He wanted Congress to give the President more power for the immediate deportation of "hyphenates," he consulted with chiefs of police as to how drastically disturbing elements should be handled if it came to disorder. "I urged Baker to use a firm hand in the event trouble should manifest itself in any way. I thought it was mistaken mercy to temporize with troubles of this sort"—in which attitude he again unanimously agreed with his friend the Kaiser and once more showed himself the "sincere pacifist." Subsequently he always appeared to sympathize with those who came to him protesting against the infringement of American rights and liberties after the outbreak of the war, and particularly against the maltreatment of conscientious objectors, and to regret those official excesses. It is impossible now to believe that he was not in thorough accord with what actually took place—to the nation's dishonor.

His job compelled him to be all things to all men, compelled him to toady, compelled him to play one group against another, the Germans against the English, the French against the British. It compelled him more and more to devious ways which he herein sets forth in complete nudity, as, for instance, when he proposed to the British Cabinet a plan to get the United States into the war on the side of the Allies through a set of terms phrased in such a way that the Germans would fall into a trap. If the Germans refused to bite, he, Edward M. House, an unofficial citizen of Texas, promised the British Government that the United States would enter the war on the side of the Allies!*

Here we have the most startling revelation of all. This official-unofficial intriguer had grown so great in his self-esteem and his power by 1916 that he did not hesitate to gamble with the lives of American citizens as if they were his peons. He cites Gerard's indignation with the Kaiser for speaking of the German, Russian, and English people as if they "were so many pawns upon a chessboard," but on his lone authority House brushes aside the Congress of the United States and repeatedly notifies Sir Edward Grey that in certain contingencies the United States will join forces with the Allies. As Professor Seymour puts it (Vol. II, p. 179): "House promised that if the Germans refused to accept the terms he had outlined, the United States would enter the war. This tentative understanding, of course, was to be dependent upon the approval of the allies of Great Britain." Nothing said about the approval of the White House, although Mr. Wilson was at that time entirely opposed to our entering the war—House felt sure the President would obey him! Nothing said about the Congress, the war-making power in the United States. Nothing said about the American people, who might have been expected to have some say as to whether their sons should be swept into the war. So it went right along. House promised from the beginning that the United States would enter the League of Nations, forgetting to his cost the existence of the United States Senate. Yes, even as far back as 1913, before the war, he had the effrontery to offer the Kaiser, whom he was so soon thereafter to call a bloodthirsty wretch, an alliance with the United States. "I spoke of the community of interests between England, Germany, and the United States, and thought if they stood together the

* "It is in my mind that, after conferring with your government, I should proceed to Berlin and tell them that it was the President's purpose to intervene and stop this destructive war, provided the weight of the United States thrown on the side that accepted our proposal could do it. I would not let Berlin know, of course, of any understanding had with the Allies, but would rather lead them to think that our proposal would be rejected by the Allies. This might induce Berlin to accept the proposal but, if it did not do so, it would, nevertheless, be the purpose to intervene." (House to Grey, October 17, 1915, Vol. II, pp. 90-91.)

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peace of the world could be maintained." On January 11, 1916, he records that he told Balfour and Grey that Wilson would throw over our historic policy of no entangling alliances with Europe and would enter into an agreement with the European nations in matters such as navalism, militarism, etc.—George Washington supplanted by Edward M. House. On February 7, 1916, he records: "I again told them [Briand and Cambon] that the lower the fortunes of the Allies ebbed, the closer the United States would stand by them."

Curiously, while he was doing this he was bewailing the fact that the destinies of the people of Europe were being settled by their leaders without their knowing anything about it. Thus he wrote on June 23, 1916: "It is not the people who speak, but their masters, and some day, I pray, the voice of the people may have direct expression in international affairs as they are beginning to have it in national affairs." This from the man who, without official authority, was, with Woodrow Wilson, the master of the fate of the American people—who were, for all House's pious wish for democracy in international affairs, permitted by him and by Mr. Wilson to know nothing about what was going on behind the scenes. Professor Seymour recalls with satisfaction that the purpose of House's most important trip to Europe offering mediation never reached the press of the United States.

The history of statecraft surely contains no record of anything approximating the naivete and the innocence and the self-conceit with which House tackled the European problem. Never having had anything to do with foreign affairs in any capacity theretofore, he assured the Kaiser on June 1, 1914, that the President and he "thought perhaps an American might be able to better compose the difficulties here and bring about an understanding with a view to peace than any European, because of their distrust and dislike for one another." *"I had undertaken the work,"* he continued, *"and that was my reason for coming to Germany,* as I wanted to see him first"—a kindly consideration that must have gratified His Majesty. House of Texas was in the field to compose differences and dislikes rooted in a thousand years of peace and war! But that is merely one sample. What could surpass his writing to Woodrow Wilson on June 17, 1914, that the French "statesmen dream no longer of revenge and the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. The people do, but those who govern and know hope only that France may continue as now"? At the very moment that House penned these lines, Poincaré was plotting a world war and, a month later, left for Russia to complete those negotiations for the attack upon Germany which came to naught only because Serbia struck first. He was so ignorant of the actual causes of the war as to do England the gross injustice of saying she went into war "primarily . . . because Germany insisted upon having a dominant army and a dominant (*sic*) navy" (June 29, 1916). It is no wonder that the Germans smiled behind Colonel House's back when he first came to Berlin in 1913, and said: "Er ist zu einfach"—he is too simple.

And simple he was all the way through. He would suggest his mediation scheme to the French ministers and the fact that they listened earnestly to him and said "how interesting" convinced him that he had impressed them with his cause. Despite his natural sagacity and power the British Cabinet strung him along for months so that he could write the most encouraging letters to Mr. Wilson, and then it all came to naught. Naturally, he blames the British Cabinet ministers, even his friend Grey a bit, and bewails their inability to seize upon the golden opportunity: "Colonel House was naturally and bitterly disappointed," writes his Boswell. Often he was delightfully fooled by the British ministers, as on February 14, 1916, when he had a long talk with Lloyd George, Balfour, Grey, and Asquith: "We all," he says, "cheerfully divided up Turkey both in Asia and Europe." But as Professor Seymour points out in a footnote his hosts did not take the trouble to tell House about the secret treaties which these same four gentlemen had already signed partitioning the Turkish empire as part of their unselfish war for liberty and the rights of small nations and the self-determination of peoples. Finally, what could surpass in incredible, overpowering egotism House's writing to the President on February 13, 1916: "In my opinion hell will break loose in Europe this spring and summer as never before; *and I see no way to stop it for the moment. . . .*"?

Yet curiously enough, while being fooled by individual ministers, House at times showed that he did understand the motives and the character of the governments with which he sought to cope. The Germans he sized up admirably; he took their measure well and gauged their weaknesses, strength, stupidities; their political follies; their self-suicide. On May 17, 1916, he wrote to Wilson: "The more I see of the dealing of governments among themselves the more I am impressed with the utter selfishness of their outlook. Gratitude is a thing unknown, and all we have done for the Allies will be forgotten overnight if we antagonize them now"—incidentally a delightful admission that the United States *had* been helping the Allies during the very time when President Wilson had officially called upon his countrymen to be neutral in thought and deed! On April 30, 1916, he was even franker: "What the Allies want *is to dip their hands into our treasure chest.* While the war has become a war of democracy against autocracy, not one of the democracies entered it to fight for democracy. . . ." Again, writing on May 24, 1916, he said: "It is evident that unless the United States is willing to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives and billions of treasure we are not to be on good terms with the Allies. . . ." House was always properly and righteously expressing his abhorrence of German militarism, as when he wrote to Grey that Germany must be taught its futility. But when it came to the pinch he was equally ready to suggest that we do precisely the same thing that the Germans had. Thus he regrets constantly that we did not arm to the teeth the minute the war began so that we could have compelled England and Germany to yield to us, and he does not see that that was precisely the Kaiser's philosophy of using might to do what he thought was right. In the event of the failure of his mediation he for a time believed we ought to arm on sea and on land to the limit and then retreat into our shell and sit waiting for anything to turn up that might. In other words, he was as bankrupt of rational remedies as any of the European statesmen that he criticizes. He wanted his League of Nations only, apparently, if we could enter the war in such a manner that we could dictate the peace.

And how he wobbled as to whether we should or should not enter the war! Immediately after the sinking of the Lusitania he declared: "America has come to the parting of the ways, when she must determine whether she stands

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for civilized or uncivilized warfare. We can no longer remain neutral spectators." On August 22, 1915, House urged the President to send Bernstorff home at once, although he believed that it meant war, but Mr. Wilson refused to be convinced. Every now and then the President did refuse to follow the dictates of his mentor and Colonel House confesses that he overplayed his hand on occasion. By January 6, 1916, House told Sir Edward Grey that he was advising the President against actually breaking with Germany and thus recorded his opinion: "I thought it far better for the democracy of the world to unite upon some plan that would enable the United States to intervene, than for us to drift into the war by breaking diplomatic relations with the Central Powers. . . . I confess having advised the President against an actual break with Germany at this time"—an entire change of front. By July 16 of that year he had swung around once more and it is written that he felt that ultimate cooperation with the Allies in the war was "inevitable."

But when it came to the Presidential election of 1916 Colonel House was all for trumpeting the fact abroad that Mr. Wilson had kept the country out of the war and for concealing the fact still further that he [House] had done his best at times to put the country into it and still believed it inevitable. Politician that he was, he knew well that the mass of the plain people were utterly opposed to our going to war, and so he cynically recommended to the President that he play up to that sentiment—even Professor Seymour finds it necessary in a footnote to gloss over this inconsistency. "The keeping the country out of war, and the great measures you have enacted into law, should be our battle-cry," wrote House to Wilson July 5, 1916. Assiduously the cry of "he kept us out of war" was spread all over the country, and it undoubtedly won the election for Wilson, because the multitudes of mothers who voted for him did so because of the implied promise in that slogan that Wilson would continue to keep the country out of war. Let anyone who questions this reread the keynote speech of Governor Glynn of New York at the St. Louis convention which renominated Wilson. That speech of Governor Glynn's was read and edited by House and Wilson before it was delivered—"The President and I will aid him [Glynn]," wrote House, "in preparing the keynote speech. I agreed to take charge of it, and after the speech is finished I am to send it to the President for criticism." Yet Professor Seymour thinks it would have been "rather Quixotic" for House to fail to take advantage of this peace-desiring American mood, although he "had himself advocated a plan" which, if accepted, "would have brought us into the war." This is what happens to the morals of certain types of idealists when they get into politics and have power placed in their irresponsible hands.

Thus runs this chronicle of egotistic futility to the very end. House could see clearly the weaknesses of the Allied statesmen, as when he wrote: "My observation is that incompetent statesmanship and selfishness is at the bottom of it all. It is not so much a breaking down of civilization as a lack of wisdom in those that govern; and history, I believe, will bring an awful indictment against those who were shortsighted and selfish enough to let such a tragedy happen." And yet he had no other vision than to drag America into the mess, and when he and his chief reached Paris (his views as to Paris we shall doubtless get in a later volume) they were checkmated, overwhelmed, routed by the very shortsighted, incompetent, selfish statesmen whom he so denounced and by their own lack of wisdom and force. Lowes Dickinson has written of these statesmen: "What little puppets, knocking away, with Lilliputian hammers, the last stays that restrain the launch of that great death-ship, War." When it came to docking that ship and putting it out of commission again, House's little hammer was not as efficient as that of the other Lilliputians. He could see clearly that if the Germans won "the war lords will reign supreme and democratic government will be imperiled throughout the world." But he could not see that the abandonment of his and his chief's soundest position that there should be "peace without victory," "no victors and no vanquished," insured the similar imperilment of democracies by the complete victory of the United States and the Allies, so that today democracy is dead in Italy, Russia, Greece, Hungary, and Spain, and totters in as many more. House had a conception of compelling peace, but he wanted to do it alone with Mr. Wilson, and he declined the safe way urged by Secretary Bryan (whom he called a mischief maker), namely, the rallying of all the neutral nations to demand the cessation of the war, a practical and entirely wise proposal urged again and again, but in vain, upon House and Wilson by the smaller neutrals. So the Colonel's triumphs turned to ashes. The unbiased historian must declare him as discredited as any of the other war lords if measured by his achievements and the results of his policies. Colonel House will not be judged by the record of this book alone. The Wilsonians will have the next inning and there are many letters omitted from these volumes which will then see the light of day. They will be certain to bring into sharper relief his self-contentment, his frequent errors, and the extent of his frailties.

On all counts the record must not be allowed to stop here. Nemesis, the Nemesis of stark Greek tragedy, awaited the Colonel at Paris. Nothing came of his plan for dictating the peace, beyond the League of Nations, which may not survive the year. The friendship which was the most valuable thing in the world to him came to an abrupt end and this time was not restored. Colonel House was never again allowed to see the President he helped to make and so largely inspired. That President went into the war against his better judgment. He knew that "it would mean that a majority of the people in this hemisphere would go war mad, quit thinking, and devote their energies to destruction. . . ." "Once lead this people into war and they'll forget there ever was such a thing as tolerance." He knew that a peace dictated by the victors would rest upon quicksand, for he said so January 22, 1917.

By this his own record there rests upon the Colonel's head a large share of the blood guilt for those 70,000 American soldiers who were done to death in France in considerable degree because of House's unofficial administration of our foreign affairs—as uselessly done to death as if they had been shot down on the prairies of Nebraska in cold blood by their own fellow-citizens, so far as the realization of the Fourteen Peace Points or any of the American ideals in entering the war is concerned. For the condition of Europe today is infinitely worse than in June 1, 1914, when Colonel House turned up in Potsdam, calmly assured the Kaiser that only an American could solve Europe's troubles and end her rivalries, and added: "Kaiser, I am here."

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The Alien Property Scandal

By EDGAR MELS

I

Much of the plunder of the Ohio Gang, obtained in various and devious ways during the three years of Harding's Administration, was used to pay the deficit of the 1920 Harding-Coolidge campaign.

FROM a source good enough to be credited by the Department of Justice comes the statement that Harry Daugherty, who himself christened the "Ohio Gang," testified to the above effect before the federal grand jury investigating the Alien Property Custodian's office. Several indictments have been found already as the result of that investigation, among them being Thomas W. Miller, the late Jess Smith, collector for the Ohio Gang, and others. Whether Daugherty made such a statement or not matters little, for when Colonel Miller, the former Custodian, is placed on trial the "lid" is likely to be blown off and both the secrets of that campaign and the inner workings of the Republican Party are likely to be revealed.

The indictment of Colonel Miller (there are rumors of a superseding indictment as this is being written), like that of Senator Wheeler, is of political origin. Not that Emory Buckner would tolerate politics in the conduct of his office of United States Attorney—no such inference as this is intended. But behind the Miller indictment is a story of interlocking politics and "honest graft," told here for the first time. It is not a pretty story, though it really is no more malodorous than the revelations before the Brookhart-Wheeler committee.

Many national figures are involved, directly and indirectly. Among them are J. J. Roskob, of the General Motors Company, a du Pont corporation; T. Coleman du Pont, Senator from Delaware (Miller's home State); Averil Harriman; John T. King, former political boss of Bridgeport, Connecticut; Ned Thurston, former chairman of the Massachusetts Republican State Committee; Vincent A. Carroll, Assistant District Attorney of Philadelphia; Jess Smith; Senator Guy D. Goff; and lesser lights.

In order that the delicate nuances of Republican politics may be appreciated and understood by the reader, it becomes necessary to turn back to those memorable days of 1920, when Leonard Wood was making a strenuous and expensive campaign for the Republican nomination for President, and when King, Miller, and Thurston acted as his Eastern boosters. Miller is one of the leaders in the American Legion and is popular among Legion men. King, practical politician, hard boiled and efficient, was never an alluring personality. At that time he was chairman of the Republican State Committee. Thurston, who in a way is the man of mystery in this tale, was a giant physically (he is dead now), with charming manners, and a good mixer.

The three men were closely affiliated in the Wood campaign, but when it faded out at Chicago, either because Wood would not consent to an agreement to turn the Teapot Dome leases over to Jake Hamon or because he would not match pennies with Harding personally as to which should head the ticket, King dropped out of the family. Thurston and Miller helped in the Harding campaign, and when the smoke of battle had been blown away Miller was made Alien Property Custodian. The only other connection between Miller and Thurston in Washington was that Thurston took over Miller's apartment when Miller moved into other quarters.

Yet Thurston plays a large part in the story to come, for he it was who turned over to Miller $47,500 of the Liberty bonds paid by the German owners of the American Metals Company, for the return of the property to its foreign owners. It is because of this alleged conspiracy that Miller, Jess Smith, Richard Merton, and the Swiss holders of some stock of the parent company were indicted. Since the transfer was made the Supreme Court at Washington has held a similar transfer in another case legal, so that the actual transfer is not now so much the question as whether any one was bribed, whether a conspiracy was hatched, and whether money was paid.

The American Metals Company was 51 per cent American, the remainder being German when it was seized by the then Alien Property Custodian, Mitchell Palmer. The German-owned shares were sold and the proceeds invested in Liberty bonds, numbered and thus traceable. The war ended and "normalcy" was enthroned at Washington. Two Americans, Henry Bruère and Julian Beaty, knowing the value of the American Metals business, sought to buy the foreign interest from the Alien Custodian. They went to Germany and, with the consent of the War Trade Board, tried to effect a sale to themselves. The transaction finally fell through.

Merton, one of the original German owners, scenting something and desirous of getting his property back, came to Washington, but found there unseen and as yet insurmountable obstacles. So he returned to New York to consult Averil Harriman, with whom he had had business relations. Harriman introduced Merton to John T. King. The latter agreed to obtain the return of the property—now in the form of Liberty bonds amounting to some $7,000,000—if Merton would pay him a "retainer" of $50,000, which was done. (King received $112,000 all told.) Then King took Merton to Washington and introduced him to Jess Smith as the "fixer" of the Ohio Gang, the intimate of the all-powerful Daugherty. Smith agreed to the deal and received $25,000 on account.

Then Merton went to the Alien Property Custodian's office and laid before it the facts in the case. George Williams, managing director of the office, asked for more information and Merton went to Germany to get the desired data. He returned and laid before Williams and Adna Johnston, Daugherty's representative, facts purporting to show that as far back as 1912 the Merton interests had hypothecated their stock with the Société Suisse pour Valeurs de Métaux and that the Swiss concern was the actual owner at the time of seizure.

The transfer was made in 1921 and approved by Guy D. Goff, then an assistant to the Attorney General and his intimate friend and supporter, and now a Senator from West Virginia. During the Brookhart committee's investigation of the Department of Justice and of its chief, Mr. Daugherty, it developed that all papers relating to the at-

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tempt by the two Americans to purchase the property had been missing from the dossier laid before Goff. Senator Wheeler was anxious to ascertain what had become of them. Miller, on the stand, testified that he had never seen them. Adna Johnston followed suit, as did Williams. Strange to relate, all three told the truth, for the missing papers were in the archives of the War Trade Board, placed there by Mitchell Palmer, and forgotten. Merton, meanwhile, on the successful conclusion of his negotiation, paid an additional sum in Liberty bonds to his American benefactors. The grand jury charges that the total amount, $391,000, was divided between Jess Smith, Thomas W. Miller, and John T. King.

This ends the history of the case and begins the story of how Miller's political enemies used the fact of King's retainer from Merton in an attempt to end Miller's career. One of the most interesting angles in this political drama relates to the struggle between King, boss of Bridgeport and former State committeeman, and J. Henry Roraback of Hartford, who succeeded him and eventually forced him out of Connecticut State politics. King and Roraback had been bitter political and personal enemies. The latter had made repeated attempts to force King out of the Republican machine, but each time King had proved elusive. Somehow or other Roraback became acquainted with King's part in the American Metals case. He bided his time until early in September of last year, when he set the machinery in motion to effect the downfall of his enemy.

Here we must mention that Colonel William Donovan, Assistant Attorney General and receptive candidate for Attorney General, Governor of New York, and National Commander of the American Legion, disliked Miller—mainly because of various American Legion matters. Roraback, knowing Donovan's ambitions, is said to have caused the grand jury investigation of the Alien Property Custodian's office, which, incidentally, caused unrestrained and rather boisterous rejoicing in the camp of Senator du Pont, who also dislikes Miller. However, Roraback's action in setting the investigation afoot proved futile so far as the last Bridgeport election was concerned, because, though King's part in the matter was made public through Hearst propaganda, the sympathy of the voters of King's personally owned city went out to the man they thought abused and his ticket was triumphantly swept into office. After which King went abroad, returning the other day just in time to face an indictment for perjury in omitting from his 1921 income tax return his share in the $391,000 received from Merton. In the actual division of that money lies the Government's case. It is known that $112,000 went to King, $25,000 to Smith, $47,500 to Miller, and $40,000 was traced to Harry Daugherty. What has become of the balance, $166,500? No one seems to know.

[*In a concluding article to be published next week Mr. Mels will explain the circumstances in which the bonds were given to Mr. Miller and the use made of them.*]

Samoa

Shall We Navalize or Civilize It?

By MADGE A. RIPLEY

THE story of Samoa ought to be a languorous tale of palms and moonlight, alluring beaches and dusky maidens, with the white uniform of the American navy to give due contrast and background. In reality it is but one version of the sordid tale of the arrogance of the white man toward another race, with this to differentiate it—that the Samoan race has personality. It does not concede the white man inherent superiority. It weighs and balances his words and actions, and judges accordingly. In some respects it finds him better than it, in others worse. It desires to emulate the good. Throughout all truthful descriptions of Samoa we find mention of the independence, dignity, and upstanding pride of the Samoan people, their aspirations and efforts. The Samoans, now divided under the authority of England and the United States, have demanded for years past their just rights from both. A year after the Chiefs of Western Samoa presented their grievances to the British Government they had secured, and now enjoy, a share in their own government. For over five years the people of Eastern Samoa have labored with the Government of the United States. But in order to understand these efforts we must approach their present situation with more detail.

Situated near the center of the island groups of the South Pacific, Samoa is a natural port of call for vessels passing from the northern Pacific, or the Atlantic via the Panama Canal, to Australia and New Zealand. In addition to this advantageous location Samoa has the one splendid harbor of the Pacific islands, a harbor which a naval officer has declared of inestimable value to the United States "in the present situation in the Pacific." From the time white explorers began to appear in the Pacific the advantages of Samoa were recognized. The soil is fertile and productive, the climate equable and not oppressively hot; hurricanes do not ravage these islands so severely as they do other sections of the South Seas; and the people are handsome and hospitable, kind-hearted and intelligent.

Among the first settlers came British missionaries, who early in the nineteenth century led the Samoans to accept Christianity, put their speech into writing, translated the Bible into Samoan, and made it a function of the native church to teach the children to read and write their vernacular. Even today no other piece of literature has been turned into the Samoan tongue, and the zeal of the missionaries and their converts has largely crushed the traditions and legends of the centuries before their advent.

Fifty years later Samoa had acquired inhabitants from various European countries, each group eager to make the influence of its nation paramount and maneuvering to secure possession of the islands. However, the Samoans had no thought of surrendering to any other nation their institutions and government, the latter an oligarchy authoritatively said to have been in existence in the fifth century, and ruled by hereditary chiefs assembled in councils called Fonos. Before 1865 the larger Powers began to maintain consular service in Samoa, thus recognizing the Samoan Government. Between 1878 and 1880 Germany, Great Britain, and the United States made separate treaties of peace and friendship with the Samoan Government and each secured permission

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to use a certain site as a station for marine supplies. The concession of the United States was a strip of land about a mile long and half as wide on the shores of Pago Pago Bay; Germany was envied because she was permitted to fly her flag over her location, since these treaties gave no proprietary rights in the islands to any of the governments.

As time passed the rivalry among the groups of white residents and their interference with the Samoan Government increased. In an attempt to end this the three Powers in 1889 entered into a treaty among themselves and with the Samoan Government providing that the Samoan Government was free and independent, that the Samoan people were entitled to their own form of government, and that the respective citizens and subjects of these Powers should have equal rights of trade, residence, and personal protection in Samoa; but no rights of ownership were conveyed. This treaty, however, was not sufficient to terminate the jealousies of the whites or to enable the Samoans to cope with their political machinations, and the charges and incriminations grew until at one time the possibility of war among the Powers loomed over the Samoan imbroglio. Finally, each government selected a high commissioner to go to Samoa, with instructions that by consultation with one another and the Samoan people they should arrive at a plan which would put an end to the ceaseless friction. The American high commissioner was Mr. Bartlett Tripp, whose report to our Government is found in full in our Foreign Relations Reports (volume for 1899). He states that the commissioners canvassed the situation with the Samoan people all over the islands and found their sentiments practically unanimous. Mr. Tripp's opinion of the Samoan people and his advice to our Government are embodied in the following excerpts from his report:

> In time the native will be able to take his part in the government of the islands, *with an intelligence equal, if not superior, to that of the white man now there.* . . . He is anxious to learn, he wants a white man's government. . . . The great bulk of the natives and nearly every chief can read and write and they are adopting the habits of civilization with great alacrity. . . . We spent several days at Pago Pago. This, unlike the other reef openings, is a land-locked harbor, a beautiful inland harbor. It resembles one of those beautiful Swiss lakes. . . . *I cannot impress upon my government too strongly the necessity of its undivided possession of this harbor.* It is the only one worthy of the name on the islands. *The harbor and the entire island should be under our individual control. In short, the whole island must be had.*

This report must not be confounded with the joint report made by the high commissioners as a body to all the governments, which recommended a reorganization of affairs in Samoa by a plan which Mr. Tripp says had been suggested in substance by the Samoan chiefs. But this plan was never tried. Instead the governments chose to act upon the individual reports of their commissioners and agreed to divide the islands among themselves, entirely disregarding the Samoan Government, to which they were bound by treaties of friendship, and the Samoan people and their expressed wishes. This decision was embodied in a treaty made by the Powers, to which the Samoan Government was not a party, abrogating former treaties. England chose a free hand in other South Sea regions, Germany took Western and the United States Eastern Samoa, England and Germany announcing that they gave up their rights and claims to it, evidently meaning that their subjects should not have equal rights with the citizens of the United States to reside, transact business, and be protected in Eastern Samoa, since they had never acquired any rights of ownership to convey.

Three days after the exchange of ratifications of this treaty in 1900 President McKinley ordered the Navy Department to establish the authority of the United States in Eastern Samoa and declared it an American naval station. It is evident that he had as much right to do this as he had to order a United States naval station made of the Isle of Man or Corsica or any property belonging to another government. He also violated the plain provision of the Constitution that Congress shall determine the form of government for all land secured by the United States. From this irregular and unlawful act of McKinley's has come a most peculiar situation, for Congress has never yet acknowledged any rights of ownership in Samoa and has never made an enactment respecting the islands except for maintaining and improving the naval establishment. In this, the situation in Samoa (and from now on when speaking of Samoa I refer to Eastern or American Samoa) differs from that of any other bit of territory customarily claimed as American, since all others, as far as I am able to ascertain, have been acquired rightfully and are actually owned by the United States. Samoa is the only one seized ruthlessly, without legal right, by superior force of arms, from a nation and people to whom we were at the time bound in a treaty of peace and friendship.

After the naval officers detailed to that purpose had seized the islands they tried to secure a "cession" of them to the United States, and it is upon the document of these "cessions" that the Navy Department now bases a claim of ownership to the soil of American Samoa. It is evident that since Congress had not authorized the seizure, the naval officers detailed to Samoa could not be lawfully empowered to negotiate cessions. They secured them from certain chiefs who were not given authority to represent the Samoan Government in ceding the islands to the United States. And the documents plainly state that upon the fulfilment of certain conditions by our Government the islands will be ceded to become a "separate district or territory to be annexed to the United States,"* thus providing for a civil government whenever the islands should become the property of the United States. Subsequently, the Navy Department did not hold, as it now does, that these "cessions" conveyed ownership of the islands.

The naval officers sent to Samoa, although perceiving the actual status but vaguely, realized that they had a free hand in island affairs since they need give no account of their actions and stewardship to the representatives of the American people. As a result Samoa has become a little kingdom owned and operated by the Navy Department for its own benefit and the personal advantage and aggrandizement of officials sent there. The only function of the Samoan people in this naval paradise has been to furnish funds; their rights and needs have been ignored. The naval officials set up an island government separate from the administration of naval affairs in Samoa, made themselves the officials of this island government, and levied taxes upon the Samoan people to meet all its actual and professed expenses; and although at first recognizing the Samoans functioning through their Fono, they gradually took away even the semblance of authority and finally dissolved that body. They promulgated a code of laws which creates various

* See *The Nation* for April 12, 1922.

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offices for the Samoan Government, gives instructions to magistrates, creates a judicial administration, establishes a legal tender and customs regulations, enacts a penal code, creates a system of land laws, regulates Samoan titles of nobility, and marriage and divorce, to mention but a few of its astounding features. This code definitely states (Paragraph 1, Section 3):

> The laws of the United States of America shall be considered to be in force in American Samoa, subject, *nevertheless, to the provisions of this declaration and such laws and regulations as shall, from time to time, be promulgated by the Governor of American Samoa.*

It is a boast often made by naval officials in Samoa that they cannot be called to account before any court of the United States for any acts committed in Samoa, that even the Supreme Court has no jurisdiction over them as officials at Samoa.

The abuses and evils arising naturally from such a situation can be imagined almost as clearly as they can be stated. In 1920 and 1921 the Samoans were goaded by conditions to make definite and very unpleasant charges against the naval administration. These charges were addressed to the President of the United States with a request that an investigation of Samoan affairs be conducted by a competent and impartial tribunal not connected with the Navy Department. The President referred the matter to the Navy Department and after it was so referred a similar request was addressed to that Department. An opportunity to prove the charges made, as well as others not detailed, was asked, but the Navy Department has never dared either to conduct such an investigation or to deny the charges made.

One difficulty is that naval officers apparently can conceive of no other method of government than of receiving and obeying orders. The commandant, or governor, as the highest officer rules the civil population in the manner customary under hostile military occupation. He is the sole lawmaker, and either personally or through his personal appointees administers the laws he himself makes and judges those who may violate them. Justice is accordingly unknown on the islands. The one white judge (both British and American citizens have held this position) uniquely combines in one individual the functions which we divide among the judge, jury, prosecuting attorney, and attorney for the defense. There is no appeal from this kangaroo court to any court regularly established. Local affairs of the Samoan, both village and district, are handled entirely by appointees of the commandant, who must obey orders without question.

The oppressive autocracy of the naval government is illustrated by various incidents. When some thirty men of Nuuuli, Tutuila, desired to pay a debt due another village they vainly applied for permission to do so to the naval officials, who, fearing discussion of governmental matters, never allow Samoans to go from place to place about the islands without their consent. Finally, their mayor, an appointee of the commandant, said that he would assume responsibility and told them to go and pay their debt, which, due and unpaid, laid them open to court action. The men, therefore, obeyed him. For this they and the mayor were arrested, tried, and sentenced either to pay fines or be imprisoned at hard labor, and the mayor was removed from office. Since the fines levied totaled about $350, the people of Nuuuli held a "town meeting" and decided, in protest to such injustice, that the men should endure imprisonment rather than increase governmental revenues for their oppressors to handle.

The first homicide committed by a Samoan since the Powers divided the islands occurred in Tutuila in July, 1923. The accused was judged by a court composed of a former court clerk, a naval officer, and a Samoan, but one of them a lawyer, and all selected by the commandant for the purposes of this particular case. Although the defendant asked for jury trial, it was denied, in spite of the fact that the Constitution makes jury trial obligatory for every man accused of a capital offense where the United States exercises jurisdiction—which it does in Samoa, regardless of ownership. The Constitution also provides that if such crime occurs outside the States, Congress shall determine where the trial will be. But this court, so appointed, pronounced the accused guilty of murder in the first degree (although the evidence pointed either to manslaughter or excusable homicide) and sentenced him to hang. This sentence was upheld by the commandant on the ground that the man did not establish his innocence, and the accused was hanged fifteen days later.

There was no audit of the various funds from April, 1900, to November, 1920; and when an audit was had that November it covered but the last two months of the whole period. For a special road tax paid for many years, the Samoans had by 1921 one mile of good road, entirely within the limits of the naval "Yard." Later several miles of road were constructed so poorly, however, that there were constant excessive repairing costs, the overseer having been an enlisted naval fireman. A special school tax was paid for but one ordinary schoolhouse in twenty-three years; the others were merely Samoan houses without equipment. Until recently, in spite of protests, children were compelled in some villages to attend sectarian schools for public instruction. And the schoolbooks used everywhere have been Australian texts compiled, as they state, "to . . . assist in fostering the growth of national and patriotic sentiments" for the British Empire! And yet the Samoans have incessantly pleaded for good roads and more and better schools, without ever objecting to increased taxation for these purposes.

A naval officer complained that some people expected a paradise of American Samoa. This is deliberately untruthful, but one might reasonably expect considerable results from any administration which has levied heavy taxes for a quarter century, which has put several naval officials in excellent financial condition, and allowed a British employee to embezzle $13,000 from Samoan funds unpunished. One might reasonably expect something more than four small dispensaries—two without physicians—to attend all the medical and surgical needs of over 8,000 people, afflicted not only by tropical diseases but those introduced by the whites. And one might expect that the Department of Agriculture would develop island products, improve live stock, and introduce new plants, that the aid of the Bureau of Education would be invoked in the peculiar educational problems of Samoa; or that the assistance of the Bureau of Public Health would be enlisted to conserve life and establish sanitary conditions. But naval officials, although publicly charged with gross maladministration and inhuman neglect, have not wanted expert assistance. The Samoans accuse them of deliberate intent to keep the natives in poverty and ignorance lest they demand their just rights with increased means and knowledge.

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But the great and vital defect of the naval administration of Samoa has been its denial of those impalpable but essential attributes of humanity upon which we base both government and religion. When the United States through its Navy Department destroyed the Samoan Government it destroyed the citizenship of the people of Samoa, their birthright. It has allowed a whole generation of boys and girls to come to adult life without education, without opportunity, and without recognition of their inherent human rights.

And so today the Samoan has no civic entity; he is literally a "man without a country." Several years ago the Declaration of Independence and its translation into the Samoan language were printed in the paper published by the Navy Department in Samoa. One chief who read a copy wrote a letter to the paper, the text of which follows (translated):

> We read the Declaration of Independence and I should like to ask a few questions in regard to it. In what way does it apply? Does it apply to the Department of the Navy and the territory ruled by it or just to the territory of America proper? For there is a vast difference between the words of the Declaration of Independence and the manner in which the Navy Department conducts the government of Samoa.
>
> As to this, if you compare these two things—the government as carried on by the Navy Department and the civil government of the United States as outlined in the Declaration of Independence—it seems to me that the treatment meted out by the Navy Department in administering the government of Samoa brings great shame upon those who drew up the Declaration of Independence. The name of the Navy Department is soiled on account of those who have done and now do these great wrongs in Samoa, which are contradictory to the Constitution of the United States and the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence, because they began and still maintain a tyranny in Samoa.
>
> When we show these matters fully to the world, all these wrongs done by a great and wise government to a weaker nation, a nation without arms and poor and not wise in governmental matters, and compare the treatment given by the American Government to the Samoan Government with that given to the American Colonies when they rose in revolt against Great Britain, it will bring shame to the President and the Secretary of the Navy and the Congress of the United States, because of the wrongs which the Samoan people suffer by reason of the cruel tyranny of the naval officers sent to Samoa as representatives of the Government of the United States—that government founded upon the love of God, all-powerful, who made that government strong and mighty and established it upon the Declaration of Independence.
>
> You know that the chiefs and people cannot get together to discuss these matters because if the naval authorities learn that any discuss governmental matters the Samoans are arrested, tried, and condemned.

Such a statement should inform Americans not only of the outrageous governmental conditions the Samoans endure but of their capabilities as well. The man who so wrote, although ignorant and uneducated, has an ability and intelligence which any American might be proud to possess, and shows himself quite obviously "superior to the white man now there."

All the evidence for the past seventy-five years indicates that the Samoans ardently desire education, civilization, advancement. The fact that for years they have struggled for their just rights against the autocracy of an irresponsible naval government proves their tenacity of purpose and intelligence. Their plea to America is for a civil government and a share in that government—a responsibility they are well able to assume with kindly and intellligent assistance.

Hot Air About the Pole

By C. B. ALLEN

AN old adage has it that the more haste one is in the less speed one makes; a modern and entirely appropriate adaptation might be that enterprises which go off half-cocked are quite likely to miss fire. The current fashion of aerial expeditions to the North Pole furnishes one admirable instance and promise of several others as the season for Arctic flights approaches.

It has been chronicled in the daily press that nine expeditions, representing five different flags, will join this summer in a race to the North Pole, or to claim whatever land there may be in the unexplored wastes at the top of the world. At least seven, according to the announcement, will use aircraft. The facts are that several of these so-called expeditions have joined (with marvelous success) in a race for publicity in which their intention of flying to the Pole is, one hopes, better than their chances of ever doing so.

Captain Roald Amundsen started it all when he flew back from the Arctic last summer to a world that had given him up as dead. He announced he had failed to reach the Pole with his two airplanes, but would try again this year in a dirigible.

Early last winter the Detroit Aviation Society and the North American Newspaper Alliance—the latter having lost Amundsen to a rival syndicate after scoring a world "scoop" with his story in 1925—decided they would "beat the old Viking to it." They started patriotically enough by trying to soft-pedal the fact that the most suitable airplane they could find for their purpose was built by the Dutch designer, Fokker, who made planes for the Germans during the war. It had been their secret passion to use a three-motored ship built in the Ford factory at Dearborn until trials convinced all concerned that it was "insufficiently developed." Expediency caused them to choose a single-motored Fokker monoplane and a three-motored machine of the same type, the latter for the actual dash across the Pole.

The 400-horse-power single Liberty-motored ship had been tried out thoroughly in this country even to a minor crack-up in the mountains of Pennsylvania that cost it a wing-tip and a wheel. It was a good ship and needed only to be fitted with extra fuel tanks and a new motor. The other, just arrived from Holland, had to be rigged for its three 200-horse-power Wright Whirlwind engines. The motors themselves, air-cooled and untried in the Arctic, were to be equipped with special attachments to guarantee

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their proper functioning in the frigid Northland. The factory, harassed by constant requests to speed up the work, did the best it could with no precedent to guide it. The motors were completed and tested on the block. The plane was ready. Even a layman would have supposed it logical to instal the engines and have a test flight.

But there was no time. The boat on which the two planes and the rest of the expedition were going to Alaska would leave Seattle in a few days. This was the end of January. There was winter weather to spare with zero and sub-zero temperatures; probably at high altitudes it was as cold as the Arctic ever gets. A flight from New York to Seattle under these conditions would have been an admirable test for the two planes. If minor troubles had developed the expedition still would have been within easy reach of trained mechanics and proper machine shops. Spare parts would have been available. It would be hard to imagine a better training flight for the proposed pilots, and everybody concerned would have learned something of conditions they would have to face later.

Instead the planes were carefully loaded on flat cars and shipped across the continent, requiring some thirteen days in transit. They went by boat to Seward and thence by the Alaska Railroad to Fairbanks. One of them had never been in the air and there was no assurance that it would fly except that Fokker had built it and that other ships of the same type had flown.

Two marvelous snow sledges manufactured in Detroit had been sent ahead to drag 6,000 gallons of gasoline and other supplies totaling fifteen tons over a 1,000-mile trail to Point Barrow, the hopping-off place for the Pole. Apparently the sledges were expected to do the work because they were built by a Detroiter.

Long before the airplanes reached Fairbanks the snow motors had demonstrated that they were an utter failure by rolling up a grand total of sixty-five miles on the Point Barrow trail in fourteen days. This in spite of previous announcements that they would make a daily average of thirty-five miles. Nothing daunted, those in charge declared the planes would ferry their own gasoline, laying down a base at Point Barrow. Their proposed route lay over the Endicott Mountains, where a forced landing in an airplane so weighted down with gasoline that it could barely stagger off the ground would mean disaster if not certain death. Yet the expedition cheerfully announced that each plane would deposit four or five hundred gallons of gasoline at Point Barrow with every round trip.

Then it was discovered that the radiator of the Liberty motor was full of holes. This was hailed as "more hard luck," and then it was discovered that there was no spare radiator with the expedition. A local job of patching was done. Presently both ships were ready for the trial flights.

Captain George H. Wilkins, leader of the expedition, and Carl B. Eielson, one of his pilots, went up in the single-motor plane for a test flight. Eielson made a "stall" landing and seriously damaged the machine. The next day Wilkins and Major Thomas G. Lanphier, commanding officer of Selfridge Field on leave as "unofficial observer" of the expedition, took up the three-motor ship. Lanphier crashed it in landing, even as Eielson had wrecked the other. Both men are experienced pilots, accustomed to landing on snow-covered fields which might dazzle a pilot not used to snow landings. What happened to them?

They were, it develops, used to flying only biplanes. Neither had been trained in a Fokker monoplane before leaving for Alaska. A monoplane has a different "feel" in the air; it doesn't warn its pilot with the positive action of a biplane about to stall. A little practice gives a pilot this "feel," but Lanphier and Eielson lacked practice. There was too much haste about getting started to bother with details. One airplane has been patched up and has begun ferrying supplies to Point Barrow. It is barely conceivable that both will eventually get there without mishap, but the odds have been against the expedition from the start, and now they are almost insurmountable.

Lieutenant Commander Richard E. Byrd, who commanded a group of navy amphibian planes with the MacMillan expedition into the Arctic last year, heads another North Pole flight. His hopes are pinned upon a three-engined Fokker monoplane similar to the Wilkins ship. It has flown more than 10,000 miles in this country under all weather conditions, but Byrd plans an ordeal for it in which it stands about one chance of success in ten. Like Amundsen he expects to make Spitzbergen his base for ship-carried supplies, including his airplanes. From Spitzbergen, he says, he will fly across the ocean to Cape Morris Jesup on the uppermost tip of Greenland, establishing there such a base as Wilkins proposes now to establish at Point Barrow. He faces the problem of a long flight over water with a land machine, and the graver one of "setting down," heavily loaded, on uncertain and very probably unfavorable terrain. He must do this not once but several times if he is to lay down sufficient fuel at Cape Morris Jesup for his proposed 400-mile dash to the Pole.

Next in line of American expeditions is that announced by Lieutenant Leigh Wade, round-the-world flier who didn't get quite around and afterward broke into print by virtue of a non-stop automobile journey across the United States. The word "announced" is used advisedly. Wade's "University Men's North Pole Expedition"—reputedly backed by alumni of a half dozen American universities—seems to have been organized largely with an eye to headlines. Like Wilkins and Byrd, he proposes to use a three-motored plane, so that failure of any engine would not force the ship to descend; but the machines Wade asserted would be employed have not even been built. Moreover the only firm making the sort of motors he claimed would be installed in them professes to have heard nothing at all of the scheme except through the newspapers.

In this same class may be placed the polar expedition of Dr. Hugo Eckner, head of the Zeppelin works, who flew the Los Angeles to this country from Germany; though in fairness to Dr. Eckner it should be said that incredibly credulous newspapers are responsible for linking his name to a ridiculous project. Naive news dispatches state that Dr. Eckner is awaiting permission from the Powers which signed the Versailles Treaty to build the airship in which he will fly to the Pole, yet the papers print in the very next paragraph that he will make the flight this summer. A few minutes with a pencil and the construction statistics for dirigibles of the Zeppelin type should reveal to anyone that a dozen Dr. Eckners couldn't get such an airship ready.

There is a Norwegian expedition equipped with specially built seaplanes which will try to follow the route taken last year by Amundsen, continuing across the Pole to Alaska. A French navy expedition, using motor sledges reputed capable of fifteen miles an hour over snow, ice, or

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water, will be launched across the polar ice-pack from a ship. The fate of the Detroit snow motors is enough to make the world skeptical of these machines even though they are the invention of Captain Otto Sverdrup, Norwegian explorer. The sledges plan to carry seaplanes which will "fly from the Pole to New York." Remembering Amundsen's experience in getting off the polar ice after he came down, it is hard to take this venture seriously.

A Russian expedition or two is thrown into current accounts of proposed flights to the Pole, possibly for good measure. Of course their object is to plant the Soviet flag on whatever land the top of the world may boast. If, as Captain Amundsen believes, such land exists and is habitable, the plan is to colonize it. Such a possession would be of great strategic importance, it is held, as a stopping-place for future trans-polar flights from the Old World to the New. Dirigibles and airplanes could refuel there, though from what source unless oil-fields are discovered and refineries set up is not made very clear. Obviously trains and ships would not be able to take oil and gas to the new land. Dirigibles might do it, but the United States and the other nations which seem so anxious to claim the hypothetical Polar Continent have thus far considered the ability of dirigibles to survive Arctic conditions so problematical that they have sedulously avoided sending them to solve the mysteries lying at the top of the world.

This, logically, brings up again the question of Amundsen. Of all those who have talked of flights to the North Pole he is the only man of his generation who has scraped up the capital and the courage for an actual attempt. In no wise is this a reflection on the United States Navy expedition, headed by Commander Byrd, which went into the Arctic last summer with Donald MacMillan. Byrd and his men made many daring flights under tremendously unfavorable conditions, but their mission was exploration, the range of their Loening amphibians limited, and their purpose at no time a dash to the Pole. Amundsen, on the contrary, flew straight toward the top of the world, and, but for a mishap, would have crossed it. He came back convinced that only a dirigible could accomplish the flight and immediately began negotiations with Premier Mussolini for a semi-rigid Italian airship about half the size of the ill-fated Shenandoah.

The Norge, as Amundsen had the ship rechristened in honor of his native Norway, inflated with hydrogen, as she will be on her trip into the Arctic, has a carrying capacity of more than twenty-two tons. Her fuel tanks will hold gasoline enough for sixty-five hours' cruising at fifty miles an hour; her three 250-horse-power motors are of the same make that brought the Los Angeles across the Atlantic from Germany to the United States; the proposed trans-polar flight totals not more than 2,000 miles. Amundsen plans to take his time, circling here and there in his search for land, making observations and avoiding storms. All of which sounds pretty well compared with the somewhat sketchy rival expeditions which are already hurrying to the Pole—at least on paper. Careful advance preparations, including fuel, hydrogen, and other supplies sent by ship to the hopping-off place at Kings Bay, Spitzbergen; a balloon shed there to house the Norge, and a mooring mast at which she may tie up give a further optimistic tone. But there is another side of the picture.

The Norge is at Rome, where she has successfully undergone test flights after being revamped to fit Amundsen's needs. She must be flown to Spitzbergen and this flight in itself is no small feat. Her buoyant gas is highly inflammable, as the air disasters of recent years attest all too tragically. There is more than a gambling chance that the Norge will be destroyed by handling or other accidents before she has a chance to start her flight across the Pole.

If no disaster occurs to mar Amundsen's venture before it actually is under way, what then? Nobody knows. Years ago a man named Walter Wellman, himself an Arctic explorer of note, took a dirigible to Spitzbergen to attempt what Amundsen is now so confidently undertaking. He failed without really getting started. The two ventures are not comparable, for the airship Wellman had was to Amundsen's Norge as were the first automobiles to those of today. That, however, is not the point. Wellman today is convinced that a dirigible will perish in the Arctic from no more sinister cause than the quick changes of temperature she will encounter. Bright sunlight and temperatures above freezing give way in an hour, he says, to overcast skies and sub-zero cold. Warmth and sunlight will expand the hydrogen of an airship, increasing its buoyancy and volume until valving often is necessary. A forty-degree drop in temperature, Mr. Wellman says advisedly, works havoc on this same hydrogen and makes it imperative to throw overboard ballast or cargo. Let this happen once or twice, he says, and the best airship in the world will find itself sinking helpless to the polar ice-fields.

Whatever Amundsen's chances of success it is well to remember that he started the "race to the Pole" this year and last, and that both times he has steadfastly refused to race. It should also be borne in mind that in 1925 there were many who planned to beat him to the Pole, but limited their exploits, strangely enough, to talking about them. This year's crop of Polar flights has yielded, so far, one start which has been a series of gloomy mishaps, a few constructive beginnings, and a number of "hot-air expeditions." Unfortunately the hot air has neither cut a channel through the polar ice nor melted the cold fact that flying there is an extremely precarious undertaking.

Pinchot vs. Pepper vs. Vare

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., April 3

BY long odds the most interesting, colorful, and significant political situation in the United States is the one created by the three-cornered Pennsylvania primary contest for the Republican Senatorial nomination which by the time this appears in print will be near its final stage. Its far-reaching and vital character does not appear to be fully grasped either in Washington or outside.

It is not only that the State is the home of the aged Mr. Mellon, concededly the most powerful single influence in the Government today. Nor is it merely because it is the most impregnably Republican State of them all. Nor is it because the Senate seat at stake is that of the pious Pepper, the most eloquent and oleaginous of all the Coolidge eulogists, whose support of the Mellon policies, so far as is known, is marred by only the single instance of his committee vote to give the silver producers $5,000,000 to which Mr. Mellon says they are not entitled.

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begins to examine the specific Americas in which writers with serious artistic intentions have tried and are trying to live. For many reasons, most of them economic, writers in America live usually in a professional environment and among professional groups whose interests are far from being those of the literary artist. They are newspapermen; they are editors; they are teachers; they are advertising men; they are scouts for publishing houses or publicity agents for opera stars. Unless, of course, they are by chance richlings or by choice vagabonds. Few novelists and fewer poets can hope to make a living out of writing precisely and only the things they care as artists to write. As a consequence the most serious part of a writer's life and the deepest preoccupations of his spirit are often crowded into intervals stolen from the chief and public business of his days.

Many writers have tried and are trying to live in a university. For it must be remembered that when a man starts to teach he does not simply spend a few hours a day on a campus discussing Keats or Plato with sophomores and sophomores with his colleagues. He finds himself within a year or two living in as special, absorbing, and, in some ways, as corruptive a society (corruptive to his interests as a writer) as it would be possible to find in America.

The reasons why a man with the soul, the instincts, the equipment, and the ambitions of a writer often settles down to a university career are obvious and familiar. Toward the end of his college days an undergraduate who has written verse and prose for the campus papers discovers in himself the definite conviction that he must be a writer. The profession of college teaching offers a modest income and a relatively large amount of leisure. Surely if it has been fun to read Keats and Swinburne and Shaw it will be fun to talk about them to agreeable young men. And certainly there is no other job in the offing that promises freedom every week-end and all summer. Many a novelist and many a poet has been seduced into teaching by a consideration of those periods in a teacher's life when he is not teaching at all.

It is not simply the free time but the apparent freedom of spirit that attracts the young artist. The university looks to him like a humane monastic citadel peopled by choice citizens with interests more stirring and lovely than those meaner concerns one would run into in "the great outside world." Here at least is a retreat in the midst of American life where there is no competition for non-essentials, no bartering of one's aesthetic or moral integrity for luxury or first place. The prizes are limited and they are measurably secure. If one cannot live at the Ritz all winter—and why would one want to?—one can bicycle and dream through Wessex all summer. If one is not forever in the hum of affairs one will move daily in the center of ideas. One will be able to watch and report, without being overwhelmed, the loudness, the vulgarity, the haste of the market-place. A sensitive college senior judges the academic atmosphere largely from those finer-tempered undergraduates who have been his friends and whom he knows infinitely better than he knows the faculty. He may well suppose that nowhere would one find more food for thought or more incitement to the expression of subtle feeling than in the intercourse of a group of scholars dining together on a high academic hill.

The young artist may feel, too, that if he is going to be a writer he will have to write about something. It has doubtless occurred to him that it is not the ignorant or the instinctive who have written the commanding books of the world. Milton's scholarship, he notes, does not seem to have hurt but seems rather to have deepened and solidified his poetry. The "Paradiso" of Dante would doubtless not have culminated in such sheer concluding rapture if it had not risen from the discipline and depths of profound acquaintance with Plato and Aquinas. The undergraduate writer has read—and remembered—"The Scholar Gipsy," nor have any of the bright moderns altogether cured him of his love for Matthew Arnold. He settles down, then, with a splendid and naive intention to be a scholar poet, or, like Zona Gale (who is a trustee of a university) or like May Sinclair (who is a metaphysician), a novelist with a mind, a background, and a philosophy.

In several respects he is spinning lovely contraries to fact. The leisure he has anticipated is, like many other soft illusions about life in the academy, a myth. Academic leisure, he finds, is purely academic. If, as is not unlikely, he teaches the English he hoped some day to learn to write he will find his days spent in conference with students in matters of punctuation and syntax, and evenings that were to go to the writing of fiction will be devoted too often to the reading of themes. He will be forced to take over extension courses to help meet current expenses and summer-school teaching to pay for a trip abroad in some remote future summer. What leisure time he has during the year will go to grinding out a Ph.D. dissertation on a theme worthy the attention of a worm rather than a poet.

But even after he is safely ensconced in the comfortable rank of an assistant professor he will find, unless he is extremely self-possessed, that the university has got under his skin. He had imagined himself joining a society of free spirits moving in the communion of high, clear thoughts upon vivid perennial issues. Instead he finds himself caught in the treadmill of men who have the habits of mind of rather superior civil servants or the secular analogues of army officers at dull posts on remote frontiers. These men wear caps and gowns instead of uniforms; they are preoccupied with literature or economics instead of printing or engraving or ammunition. But like civil servants or army officers they are absorbed in petty politics—rumors of promotions, displacements, and advancements—such as a mind engaged in creation can only at its peril afford to bother with at all. He will find that the whole pursuit of writing is in most universities regarded not as an art but as a low journalistic business. One note in a philosophical journal, one textbook, one syllabus even will bring him more respect among many of his colleagues and certainly among his administrative superiors than a poem, a short story, or a novel. Two fears will obsess the young writer on a campus: the fear of being thought facile by his colleagues and the fear of being thought dull by his public. The net result is that he often succeeds merely in being both. He writes too timidly and too much.

It is the academic community with which he daily comes in contact from which it will be harder and harder in fact or in imagination to escape. How is one after hours to stop being the professor, especially if the college or university happens to be in a small town? Not only the students who tip their hats to him on the campus but the townspeople too set him superstitiously apart. In a large city he can escape more easily. In ten minutes by sub-

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is Henry Adams alone in his description and criticism of American life. His picture of it as anarchy, as a free-for-all fight, is magnificently borne out by Dreiser in "The Financier" and "The Titan"; his account of industrialism is precisely that of Sherwood Anderson in "Poor White" and "A Story-Teller's Story"; his objection to its mechanical uniformity and its hostility to individuality and creative effort might be illustrated indefinitely from "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "Arrowsmith."

But, unlike his successors, Adams wished to compete with the "buzz saws" in their own field—a contest for which he was unfitted not only by his temperament but also by his inheritance as an Adams. The Puritan standards of duty and propriety, the Puritan conception of the gentleman and the statesman fatally disabled him in the hurly-burly of 1865-1900—even if he had not already been disabled by his speculative and critical predisposition. He did after all make one effort to follow his proper vocation; after the Civil War he went to Washington and set up as a writer on public affairs. But he soon saw that the nation could not support such a career. Prophets were then peculiarly without honor; no one was interested in his or any one's ideas. In a letter of 1862 to his brother he wrote:

> What we want is a *school*. We want a national set of young men like ourselves or better, to start new influences not only in politics but in literature, in law, in society, and throughout the whole social organism of the country—a national school of our own generation. And that is what America has no power to create.

He was right; and in any case, even had it been possible for a school of one to exist in a vacuum, that was not the way for him, because it was not the way to generally recognized success. There was nothing for him but failure.

Although before he died he had abandoned his practical ambition and regretfully resigned himself to the work for which he was fitted, he never altogether abandoned the point of view of his age. Upon that is founded his whole scheme of thought. Its center is a worship of power, of anything that "does work," that gets something done, irrespective of the merits or value of the result. He tells how he and his brothers, even as schoolboys, "all were conscious that they would like to control power in some form." To the end of his life Adams had the viewpoint of the man whose standard is quantitative only. It is a short step from indifference to qualitative standards to out-and-out denial of them, and that he was indifferent Adams discovered early in life: "What he valued most was Motion, and what attracted his mind was Change." It was not mere whim that led him to address prayers to the dynamo.

Because all his own experience was a chaos, he was predisposed to accept the philosophy to which he was led by his studies. His own personality, frustrated because denied its proper nourishment and exercise, never had a chance to develop and grow strong. Within his own mind all the fundamental compulsions of his being were at war with the puritanism and practical ambition which were instilled into him. Internally he was an anarchy of antagonistic forces. And in his environment he found still other forces opposed in turn to those within himself. Furthermore, this environment itself—the United States of the nineteenth century—showed no signs of order or control; it was the scene of a battle royal among insensate forces to which men were but unconscious slaves and victims. The inner chaos was matched by the outer chaos. It is no wonder that Henry Adams drew the obvious moral: life is meaningless, a senseless tragedy of futility and waste.

The significance of Henry Adams is twofold. In the first place, he helps account for the prevalence of naturalism in modern American literature; he shows that that view of life, so far from springing, as Mr. Stuart P. Sherman thinks, from sheer moral perversity, is general because it is the lesson which American life has taught, because it is the philosophy which has been implicit in American behavior for the last century. How can our writers be anything but naturalists so long as their environment is so thoroughly naturalistic? But Adams is even more important for the light he sheds on the fact that the specific theme of our contemporary literature is the tragedy of frustration, that in the work of Robinson, Masters, Anderson, Dreiser, Lewis, O'Neill—the list would become a whole honor-roll—"the individual as a spiritual unit," in the words of Van Wyck Brooks, "invariably suffers defeat." Henry Adams's own life was that sort of tragedy, and in his account of it one sees how a society which obeys the philosophy of exploitation not only dehumanizes those whose impulses are in accord with it but also thwarts and stunts those whose impulses are intellectual and creative.

Every thinker and every artist in the United States must go through an experience more or less like that of Henry Adams; and perhaps it is not too fanciful to suggest that their preoccupation with spiritual defeat is a kind of externalization of their own difficulty. This difficulty of course is greatest when the writer accepts the prevalent point of view and tries to conform, as Adams did and as to a considerable extent Dreiser has also done. But fortunately within the last fifteen years there have been more and more who, like Robert Frost and Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson, and unlike Henry Adams, have revolted altogether against the exploiter's ideal and have thereby attained a liberation and a consciousness of the situation which make possible at least an effort to live a more humane kind of life. They have therefore advanced to a stage beyond any to which Adams was able to attain; they no longer pray to the dynamo. Nor are signs lacking that this change is not confined to our writers—but it will be many years yet before the United States has so altered that the fate of Henry Adams will have ceased to be instructive as to the peculiarities of American life and literature.

Can an Artist Live in an American University?*

By IRWIN EDMAN

THE contributors to this series have, of course, been concerned with writers. They have been trying to describe the conditions which make for and against the survival and productivity of a literary artist in an American environment. But the America they have been discussing has seemed to me too abstract and general. The question becomes more pointed and meaningful when one

* This is the ninth of a series of articles by American writers of the first rank, answering in the light of their general experience the question: Can a literary artist function freely in the United States? Other articles will follow. Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, Edgar Lee Masters, Ludwig Lewisohn, Sinclair Lewis, and Floyd Dell have hitherto contributed.

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Henry Adams: First of Moderns

By T. K. WHIPPLE

MODERN American literature may have begun in 1895 with "The Red Badge of Courage" or in 1900 with "Sister Carrie"; but the future historian will have to begin his discussion of twentieth-century letters neither with Stephen Crane nor with Dreiser but with a man who was thirty-three in 1871 when they were born, and sixty-two when the new century began. Henry Adams was much discussed when his "Education" was made public seven years ago; his significance, however, has never been fully appreciated. That he who could remember John Quincy Adams should have arrived, before he died, at the most advanced contemporary point of view—that, surely, is miraculous. Nor is this all. Because he has told his own story with such acumen in "The Education of Henry Adams," and because his life covered so great a span, his autobiography enables us as does no other book to watch the modern view of life actually in process of formation and thereby to understand its causes and its nature. No one throws so much light on our current writers—and incidentally on ourselves—as Henry Adams.

The creed of literary naturalism has been formulated by no other American more emphatically than it was by Henry Adams. The conclusion to which his long lifetime led him was simply this: "In plain words, Chaos was the law of nature; Order was the dream of man." The universe, so far as he could discover, contained no trace of plan, much less of purpose; it was not, in fact, a universe at all, but a "multiverse," for it was not under a single control but was sheer accident, anarchy, catastrophe, unintelligible and meaningless, only a random manifestation of aimless, senseless forces. It was not a unity like a watch but a multiplicity like a heap of fireworks set off by chance. In this view he included not only man's physical environment but the whole of human existence. He saw no reason to suppose that humankind stood in a peculiar position or enjoyed special privileges; man, he thought, was as much a subordinate part of nature as a rock or a chemical element, the unconscious sport of natural forces. Human history he found "in essence incoherent and immoral," with no trace of rational sequence. Moreover, man's conception of himself as an individual unit he thought illusory, for inspection at once revealed personality or the self as a multiplicity in which order is obnoxious to nature. Man is a microchaos within to fit the macrochaos without.

Much the same view of life is explicitly stated by Theodore Dreiser, and is implicit to varying degrees in most current writing, as for example in the work of Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, and Eugene O'Neill. To be sure, naturalism is general in all modern literatures, but by Americans it is given a peculiar twist which suggests that the American environment as well as the *Zeitgeist* has had something to do with the formation of this philosophy. This supposition Adams helps corroborate. With him as with other men one may safely take for granted that his own personal experience—above all, his experience in the United States from 1865 to 1900—influenced his opinions fully as much as his studies. Henry Adams's philosophy, at least in part, is a projection of his own sense of futility and frustration; and that feeling in turn is to be accounted for by the three-cornered war waged between his innate constitution, his inheritance, and his environment.

Henry Adams ought to have been one of the intellectual leaders of his generation. As he himself recognized, his whole bent was toward the life of *theoria*, not the life of action. By nature his mind was of a speculative, questioning cast, reflective and critical. In the end his achievements were those of the historian, critic, and philosopher. But they were far below his potentialities because he was prevented from following his native bias. Of all the forces which conspired against him the first was his New England heritage. He grew up in an arctic moral atmosphere, in a world where no motive, no value, existed save duty. Moreover this duty, in the phrase of his father, was to become a "useful member of society." And not only must Henry lead an active, practical, useful life, but, being heir to a family curse of greatness, he must make an eminent success therein. For him there was only one set of alternatives: to succeed in action or to fail. The more clearly he realized his inclination to the speculative, the more sternly he girded himself for action. "To him the current of his time was to be his current, lead where it might."

Even though it led to failure—as it was bound to do. For Fate, not content with having set Adams's nature and heritage against one another, placed him in an environment which was hostile to both. The time to which he resolved so desperately to belong was the age of exploitation. The typical incident of American history in the nineteenth century was the gold rush of '49; that is what for nearly one hundred years life meant in the United States: a wild, savage scramble for nature's riches. "The moral law," as Adams observes, "had expired—like the Constitution." Just as gold had dragged thousands across and around the continent to the Sierras, so at the behest of other physical and economic forces the Americans of the time devoted themselves body and soul to economic individualism and self-aggrandizement. The superhuman powers had decreed a reign of social anarchy.

The American character was the product of these forces. The American mind, "the child of steam and the brother of the dynamo," was standardized, simple, positive, and conventional; strictly speaking, it was not a mind at all, but an economic thinking-machine, in Adams's words a "buzz saw," a mere cutting instrument, practical, sharp, and direct. Perhaps the most signal triumph of the era was its victory over the two most powerful of human impulses—religion, which had quietly disappeared, and sex, which counted for almost nothing. Against a force so strong, naturally such lesser interests as philosophy, art, and the enjoyment of life were helpless. Aside from its intoxicated exploitation of the sources of wealth, the age was sterile; Adams calls it wearisome and stale, poor in purpose and barren in results.

On the one hand, then, an orgy of individual self-seeking which tended, curiously, to a complete mechanization; on the other hand, sterility, meagerness, incompleteness of development. That is why the heroine of "Democracy" complains: "What was it all worth, this wilderness of men and women as monotonous as the brown-stone houses they lived in? . . . You grow six inches high and then you stop. Why will not somebody grow to be a tree and cast a shadow? . . . We shall grow to be wax images, and our talk will be like the squeaking of toy dolls." Nor

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Spring Book Section

Poems From Desert Indians

By FRANCES DENSMORE

The words of Indian songs are the poetry of the race. We hear only the sound of Indian singing, but the Indians hear and enjoy the delicacy and imagery of the words. A particularly poetic tribe is the Papago, living in southern Arizona. The poems here presented are the words of songs recorded in that tribe, and are used by permission of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution. A portion of the songs are connected with a ceremony intended to bring rain.

1

Here I am sitting and with my power I bring the south wind
toward me,
After the wind I draw the clouds,
And after the clouds I draw the rain that makes the wild
flowers grow on our home ground and look so beautiful.

2

By the sandy water I breathe in the odor of the sea,
From there the wind comes and blows over the world,
By the sandy water I breathe in the odor of the sea,
From there the clouds come and rain falls over the world.

3

The cottonwood leaves are falling and flying in the air,
On top of the remaining mountain they are flying around
And falling as though they were wet.

4

Under us the world spreads wide,
From there the corn comes up,
On the leaves the water moves in little drops.
Under us the mountain stands wide,
On that the squash comes up
And the water spreads over the vines.

5

A poor man takes the songs in his hand and drops them
near the place where the sun sets,
See, little girl, run to them and take them in your hand
And place them under the sunset.

6

Crazy woman, crazy woman, trying to sing to mescal leaves,
How can she sing to them and make the wind come?
Young children trying to sing to *bahwi* flowers,
How can they sing to *bahwi* flowers and bring rain?

Santo Domingo Corn Dance

By LYNN RIGGS

THE CHORUS

"Bring rain—
As we bring now
Our gift of dance and song
To You, who dance not, nor sing,
Bring rain!"

THE DANCERS

Bodies
Reddened, and gourds,
Rain girdles, ornaments,
The skins of foxes—what should please
You more?

PORTENT

But look!
Where the line whips
Like rain in corn, like clouds
Wind-beaten, or like the frown upon
His brow!

SONG OF THE BODIES

"I am
Naked before
You, High One—Look! Hear me!
As I stamp this ground worn smooth
By feet.

"Not as
A supplicant
I shake the doors of earth.
Let the green corn spring to meet
My tread."

THE CLOUDS

Just now
Across the line
Of these red men there swept
Like wings of thunder at the sun—
Shadows!

THE KOSHARI

As if
Their feet were struck
With scorn, their hands with pride
Koshari glide, halt, grimace, grin,
And turn.

THE CHILD DANCER

"But that
I am a child
I should not notice
The branch of spruce tied on his arm
In my eyes."

THE ORCHARD

Beyond
The baking roofs
A barren mountain points
Still higher, though its feet are white
With bloom.

RAIN

One drum
Note more, one voice,
One slant of bodies—
And my tears will fall like rain
Upon this ground.

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must learn Italian. Similarly, at the harbor towns all street-signs must display, and all boatmen speak, the alien language, for the benefit of tourists. To any Italian marrying a Dodecanesian woman, who brings a dowry of land on which he can settle, a reward of 5,000 lire is offered. Such is the fate of the proudest and least orientalized of the Greek communities, hardliving and hardworking, where the ancient crafts and traditions have survived. In 1918 the Italian *carabinieri* fired on an unarmed crowd in Rhodes, killing two women and a priest. Three months ago some schoolboys of Calymnos were beaten and imprisoned for writing "Long Live Greece" on the walls of their town.

There was a time when the Powers protested at such happenings, when the beating of Polish children by the Prussians or the massacre of workers in St. Petersburg in 1905 roused the Anglo-Saxon peoples to fury. But if it is nothing to us that these islands are being deliberately ruined, that a resident population of 140,000 has been reduced within the last fourteen years by 60,000, there are perhaps more material considerations that will attract the attention of an unsympathetic world. The installation of big guns and the construction of a submarine and air base at Leros would at least seem to indicate that the Italians consider their occupation permanent.

It is the fashion at the moment to disregard the pugnacious utterances of Signor Mussolini and his press. Fascism must be fed on violence, it is said; and these threats of a Roman Empire and a Napoleonic Year are only sops to an appetite deprived of further Matteottis by the absence of parliamentary opposition. Yet the ships constructed in Italian dockyards in 1925 amounted to 204,367 more tons than those built in the United States. And admittedly Italy makes no secret of her ambition, her intention, in fact, to possess the mineral wealth of Lycia, the southernmost province of Asia Minor, and the coal-fields of Heraklea on the Black Sea. From this point of view the Dodecanese, situated between the Bosporus and the Suez Canal, commands a position of paralyzing strategic importance. Thus the clouds gather and the world leaves its umbrella at home. Meanwhile the islanders suffer. Even General Pangalos, impelled by the common fear of Turkey and Jugoslavia, must needs accept the momentarily friendly advances of Italian diplomacy.

Fourteen years ago, in a proclamation to the Rhodians, the Italian General Ameglio gave the following assurances:

> At the end of the war (the Italo-Turkish War) your islands shall receive an autonomous regime. I tell you this in my capacity as a soldier and a Christian and I pray that you will regard my words as the words of the Gospel.

To quote from the *Messager d'Athènes* of February 2: "The Dodecanesians are waiting for the words of the Gospel to come true."

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wait to change it into government stock. The Greek shrugs his shoulders, half in protest, half laughingly, throws up his hands, and murmurs in tones of despair, "Ellada"—they do not say "Hellas" nowadays, it would sound too like *Hélas!*

Fascism in the Dodecanese

By ROBERT BYRON

AT the eastern end of the Mediterranean, scattered around the southwest corner of Asia Minor, lies a group of thirteen islands known as the Dodecanese. For many years the cultural center of the ancient world and during two centuries the outstanding military bulwark of Western civilization, these islands, with the surrender of Rhodes in 1523, eventually fell under the suzerainty of Turkey. Here they remained until the Italo-Turkish War of 1912, when the Italian Admiral d'Aste Stella, in command of a squadron of battleships, sailed across the Aegean and called on the Dodecanesian Greeks to help him deliver them from the domination of the Infidel. The combined effort proved successful. The Italians, however, were obliged to occupy the islands until the cessation of hostilities with Turkey; and they had not evacuated them before their entry into the Great War rendered their retention strategically essential. At the same time Italy felt compelled, for some unexplained reason, to forbid the mobilization of the islanders on behalf of the Entente Powers.

After the war, by Article 122 of the Treaty of Sèvres, signed and ratified by Italy in 1920, it was eventually agreed that the twelve smaller islands should be ceded to their parent country, Greece; while in the event of the British renunciation of Cyprus, the fate of Rhodes was to be determined by plebiscite in 1935. Meanwhile the Greek troops had been sent to Smyrna. The disaster of 1922 ensued; and the Italians, relieved of their fear of a successful Hellenic militarism, decided to remain where they were. Their administration of the Dodecanese today presents a complete negation of the accepted precepts of civilized government.

Different opinions have been held as to the quality of Turkish liberalism. But for the purpose of comparing the past with the present, one quotation from an edict issued in 1835 by Mahmud II will suffice to turn the scale in favor of the former, as far as the Dodecanese is concerned. The occasion was the restoration of the ancient rights of Calymnos, Ikaria, Patmos, and Leros, forfeited during the Greek War of Independence. After providing for the payment of the recognized tribute, the instructions from the Sultan to his Vizier run as follows: "At the same time their affairs shall be conducted and completed according to their own wishes by men whom they themselves shall elect every year." The Dodecanese, from 1523 to 1912, consisted of a collection of "small autonomous republics, active, enlightened, and wisely administered."

In strong contrast to the comparative freedom of the Turkish rule is the process of Italianization at present in progress, a process familiar to students of the problems of the German minorities in Southern Tyrol. The Greek flag is taboo. Schools have been closed and interinsular communication has been rendered almost impossible. The alternative to Italian citizenship is exile. All schoolmasters

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ceeded to the arrest of a succession of "heads of the Cheka," "just arrived from Moscow" who, if police statements are to be believed, were all conveniently provided with documents asserting in writing their secret intention to assassinate the Cabinet. One of these dangerous individuals turned out to be an émigré Russian officer, a former "White" in exile since 1918. Two more were messengers employed by the Soviet Mission in Athens—both Greeks, one not a Communist at all, the other a youth of eighteen whose parents had emigrated with him from Odessa in his childhood. More serious, however, has been the arrest of a Soviet citizen, employed in the technical department of the Legation. His detention in prison for many weeks without formal charge preferred has strained relations not only between the Soviet Legation and the Greek Government but also between General Pangalos and his Foreign Office itself. For there was also arrested the director of the Foreign Office archives, M. E. Stephanou, charged with having attempted to negotiate the sale of state documents to the Soviet official. The sole evidence of a treasonable plot lay in the reports of detectives and agents-provocateurs but it was only after a long imprisonment without trial that M. Stephanou, whom the police had arrested with much eclat, was released with the minimum of fuss and publicity. Meanwhile there had quietly occurred an event of considerable diplomatic significance: M. Rouphos, the Foreign Minister, issued a statement saying that no one but the Government was in charge of foreign policy, which brief and mysterious announcement presumably though not specifically had reference to the sudden dismissal the following morning, at half an hour's notice, of the permanent head of the Foreign Office, M. Caftanzoglou, one of the most trusted and respected men in the somewhat sordid official life of Greece. A foreign diplomat in Athens remarked that M. Caftanzoglou was the only Foreign Office official with whom one could transact official business without being offered a deal in raisins or some profitable speculation. M. Caftanzoglou has loyally refrained from all exploitation of his grievance, but it is known that his opposition to allowing questions of expediency to interfere with Greece's friendly relations with all foreign Powers had brought about profound differences of opinion between him and M. Rouphos.

M. Rouphos is an old Royalist. So effectively has General Pangalos, doughty champion of extreme Republicanism, disposed of royalism as an issue in Greek politics that the erstwhile Royalists, now calling themselves simply anti-Venizelists, join his Government to recover old scores against those Republican parties—Venizelist or anti-Venizelist—who held the majority in the National Assembly! It is perhaps to these reformed Royalists that one may look for any future change. M. Zaimis, a former High Commissioner of Crete and one of King Constantine's prime ministers, is mentioned as the possible leader of a move to oust General Pangalos early in the spring. It is commonly estimated that since the resignation of Admiral Hadjikyriakos, the Prime Minister cannot count on the sure support of more than 20 per cent of the armed forces. The wish may be father to the thought in these estimates; still it is interesting to note the opinion of M. Jules Rateau, the Athens correspondent of the *Temps*, that even last June the military movement could have been defeated had M. Michalacopoulos cared to put up a fight; M. Rateau should know, for it was he who, bringing to M. Pangalos the news that a warrant was out for his arrest, persuaded the General to start the revolt.

Meanwhile M. Venizelos himself has let it be known that he contemplates a possible return to Greece when he has completed the task on which he is at present engaged—the preparation of an edition of Thucydides, with a political commentary!

The transfer from the town police to the gendarmerie of the task of maintaining law and order in Athens is symptomatic of the lighter side of the dictatorship in the third of the Mediterranean peninsulas. The town police now have the more delicate responsibility of arresting ladies whose skirts do not reach within 35 centimeters of the ground, of taking in charge girls under 21 seen out after 10 p. m. unaccompanied by parent or guardian, of throwing spiked poles under the tires of reckless motorists, and of bringing before their Archbishop priests found frequenting cabarets or worse.

Statistics relative to crime in 1924, just issued, reveal the fact that in the whole of Greece, whose total population is less than that of London, no fewer than 41,541 criminals (including 2,429 women) were condemned in the course of twelve months. The crimes include 2,887 cases of cattle-stealing, 5,060 cases of illicit speculation, 5,392 cases of personal violence (from murder downward), and 160 cases of brigandage. Brigandage, often of a picturesque Robin Hood type, still flourishes in Greece, and is likely to continue to do so, for so long as the brigands maintain their code of romantic chivalry toward friends and of ruthless vengeance toward foes they will not be betrayed to the authorities by the peasants or the clergy on whose hospitality they depend—a hospitality by no means always unrecompensed. General Pangalos, however, is on the war-path against brigandage no less than against pacifism and short skirts. After the recent public execution in Athens of two officers found guilty of malversation of state funds, the Prime Minister warned the brigands of the mountains that the first hanging in Athens (a spectacle, by the way, which drew the biggest crowd of the year) would be by no means the last. At the beginning of the present year the penal machinery of the country was so congested by having 70,000 prisoners to deal with that the Government is amnestying those charged with such offenses as adultery (!) who are willing to pay 200 drachmas for their release. Hereinafter, says General Pangalos, the penal code is to be made more savage than it is and all remissions of sentence and releases on parole will be abolished.

Government by gendarmerie (I borrow the term from a government official) has not terrorized the Greeks into that silence so cautiously preserved on all occasions by opponents of the Government in certain other Balkan states. The hard-tried citizen, be he a government official himself or a waiter in a cafe, does not hide his disapproval or that energetic patriotism which inspires the Dictator to raise a forced loan by the method of devalorizing the currency at the end of the week when workmen have just received their wages, while the money of the well-to-do in the bank is expressly exempted. The eloquent philippics of the official press on the peril that threatens from the Macedonia border do not fill the stomach of the poor man waiting on a queue at the money-changer's to sell the clipped-off quarter of his week's wages at knockout prices to the speculators who can

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International Relations Section

The Dictatorship in Greece

By ARTHUR E. E. READE

Athens, February 18

As many constitutions as Greece has had in three thousand years of history so many tyrants has she had to upset them, but General Pangalos has created a record as the first dictator to upset his own constitution.

The Greek dictator follows a tradition now well established among the mighty of this earth in letting it be known that he cherishes no other ambition than to retire from politics to private life among the family goats and pigeons at Eleusis; yet, needless to say, no one is more energetic in thwarting this ambition than General Pangalos himself—to the extreme sorrow of the politicians whom he has deprived of press and place. After the coup d'etat by which General Pangalos seized power last June the National Assembly, before it adjourned, appointed a parliamentary commission to complete the drafting of the constitution for the National Assembly to ratify in October. This commission was under the chairmanship of M. Papanastassiou, a former Prime Minister and the leader of the Democratic Union, the party of the left-wing anti-Venizelist Republicans (the permanent suppression of whose organ, *Dimocratia*, and *Athenai* this week gives the coup de grace to the opposition press and has been followed by the deportation from Athens of M. Papanastassiou himself). The commission introduced into its constitution a clause automatically relieving the Prime Minister of the burden of office at the end of a year. General Pangalos answered this insult to a soldier's sense of duty by promulgating his own constitution and relieving the adjourned National Assembly of the humiliation of having to accept it at the point of the bayonet by dissolving that body, a fortnight before it was due to reassemble. The elections which were to follow have now been indefinitely adjourned in favor of "integral democracy," which, we learn from General Pangalos himself, is the correct description of the present regime.*

Half a century ago there was an optimistic Greek poet who wrote: "When they hold free elections in the land, the ten plagues of Egypt will disappear." In the meanwhile Greece has to draw what comfort it may from the hopeful statement of a recent communiqué that "In all probability (*sic*) when the opportune (*sic*) moment shall have arrived, the Government will not hesitate to submit the work completed to the popular verdict." This prospect has been further qualified by the announcement that the Government "considers the party leaders to be completely discredited in the eyes of public opinion. Consequently it seems not impossible that in the message which it [the Government] will address to the people for the elections, it will forbid all those who have hitherto participated in politics in any way whatever to continue taking part." Clearly these elections are to be an example of a democracy even more "integral" than that of the dictatorship.

For seventeen years Greek politics have been the sport of the group of army officers principally belonging to the regiment of Evzones and the old Royal, now Republican, Guard. It was at their luncheon party that General Pangalos found himself, when the time for the toasts had arrived, moved in the spirit to respond to the officers' appeal and proclaim himself thenceforward Dictator. It did not amount, as most of the foreign press supposed, to a fresh coup; it merely meant that the Government was thenceforward in form what it had already been in practice for the preceding six months. The pretense was at last abandoned that the revolution had as its prime object to hasten the achievement of the constitution (over which the National Assembly had been debating ever since the overthrow of the monarchy) and thus to enable the country to return to "normalcy" by way of free elections.

The overthrow of the Michalacopoulos Government in June had been the army's answer to the breakdown of the Graeco-Serb treaty negotiations as a result of the Jugoslav demand for control of the Gevgeli-Salonica railway line—Jugoslavia's insistence being attributed by General Pangalos and his supporters to the feeble military condition of Greece, a state of affairs for which the Conservative Republicans then in office and their immediate predecessors were held responsible.

General Pangalos is heart and soul a man of war. He does not pretend otherwise. The long-promised constitution was scrapped almost before the ink with which the President of the Republic had signed it was dry, and it was scrapped so that the popular vote should have no chance to check the unprecedented program of military, aeronautical, and naval development, to which an almost bankrupt state is being committed, and the reckless cutting of the already miserable social services.

Nothing piqued the plain, simple soldier more than the Venizelist criticisms of his riotous militarism during the Graeco-Bulgar frontier dispute—when, as one of his own subordinates remarked, "he tried to conduct diplomacy as if he were commanding an army corps." He was further nettled by the opposition of the parties of MM. Papanastassiou, Caphandris, and Michalacopoulos during the municipal elections in the autumn; this opposition was held responsible for causing the abstention of many middle-class voters and splitting the vote of the rest with the consequent victory in Xanthe and Salonica (where a general economic crisis has followed the slump in the tobacco trade) of the Labor and Communist candidates who were supported by a bloc of trade unions and refugee organizations and the Jewish and Macedonian national minorities. Nor, when the elections had been annulled only for the same result to be repeated again with an increased majority against the Government, was the moral effect of the reverse diminished by the arbitrary arrest of the successful candidates whose crime had been their success. A reactionary government, however, can always make the most of a "red peril"; it provided an opportunity to justify the virtual outlawry of the leaders of the opposition, and, no doubt with a view to winning support for the dictatorship in easily alarmed quarters, the new Sureté Speciale, under the cousin of General Pangalos, Commandant Ghinos, pro-

* Plans for a further revision of the Greek form of government were announced by General Pangalos in March. He will, he states, create a constitution providing for a bi-cameral legislature, "using the United States as a model," and investing the executive with wide powers. He plans himself to run for the presidency. The London *Times*, commenting upon this measure, says: "The real parallel is probably to be found in the Fascist dictatorship of Signor Mussolini. Like his Italian model General Pangalos has taken the government by storm; like him he is prepared to regularize his position—but on condition that the 'old parties' comply with the conditions which he has imposed *manu militari* on the electorate, or remain silent."

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quently work at some factory, office, or school. I personally am the mother of five minor children and yet I find time to teach at a school fifteen hours per week.

The relation of husband and wife is to us not one of employer and employee, or that of business partners; it is a nucleus or a cell of a voluntary communist society we are aspiring to, where each contributes according to his strength and receives according to his needs. We want neither bookkeeping nor contracts with our husbands. We find it not at all to be a sign of progress when that which once was built upon the relation of mutual trust is reduced to that of mere business, where all life values are priced according to material gains and losses only. We free women of Russia do not sell ourselves nor our labor to our husbands; neither do we consider ourselves bound by a tradition of a lifelong union. We live together while we love each other and we separate when we find that we do not fit. We revolt against the thought that the spirit of business wants to invade that which is dearest to us. By this of course we do not say that all unions of man and woman in Soviet Russia are ideal or ever will be. The abandoned and wanton woman or man of course needs to be taken care of, but we want to do this socially just as we take care of abandoned children or sick or aged people. In a socialist society this is no grave problem.

No wages or shares for us wives of Soviet Russia! Our family is not a business! And our love relations are not measured in terms of money.

Moscow, February 15 ELIZABETH J. HECKER

Praise for Mr. Ducasse

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have only just read the two columns by C. J. Ducasse on Significant Form; but I have already read it twice. Not for a long time have I encountered so pithy, pertinent, and pungent a criticism. Will you not give us some more of Mr. Ducasse's exquisite surgery? Surely there are other growths he can rid us of with the same quick fingers. I wish he might attend and report, for instance, one of the courses given by Mr. Orage.

New York, February 22 WITTER BYNNER

The Essence of Monuments

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although *The Nation* touches the essence of things more often by far than any other American publication, I believe it has for once analyzed a situation wrongly.

In the issue of February 17 is an article on Monuments and Monuments which supplements an article along similar lines published about two weeks ago. Both denounce the efforts of worshipers of Roosevelt, Wilson, Bryan, etc., to erect impressive monuments or establish monumental parks in Washington, D. C., which would tend to dwarf the present Washington and Lincoln memorials.

If it be remembered that the racial memory acts upon the image of a man who has somehow attracted the attention of a nation or a world to extract and preserve only the precious metal of his ideals for the contemplation of posterity, it will be evident at once that whose name is perpetuated matters little, provided his deeds have in general expounded any of the vital human qualities.

The chief function of monuments is therefore to act as reservoirs for the preservation of ideals. The memories of the apotheosized men serve only as ever-widening channels through which flow the waters of admiration to fill the reservoirs. If monuments are looked at in any other light, they immediately degenerate into symbols of an egotistic exhibitionary complex. I mean, in plain terms, that a native speaking to a foreigner will always take care to imply that the greatness of his country's heroes is to be measured by the size and grandeur of their monuments.

Philosophical argument aside, to view the matter with that outstanding American trait, practicality, one is forced to admit that beautiful parks and useful monuments (not mausoleums!) are too rare and precious to be refused merely because a name is attached to them. Gifts with even more embarrassing strings attached are not refused by great universities, for these strings cannot inhibit their usefulness in any fundamental way.

Therefore, if the followers of Roosevelt or Wilson or Bryan wish to contribute Beauty or Utility in the name of their particular will-o'-the-wisp, halt them not. But recommend that they create their parks in localities more needful of beauty and of sunlight than Washington; a fund to replace the graveyards of lower Manhattan, of downtown Boston, of central Philadelphia, with restful parks would immensely further that other great American cause, Digestion, and would lower the neurasthenia death-rates considerably.

New York, February 11 FENN GERMER

Contributors to This Issue

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, as owner and editorial writer of the New York *Evening Post*, threw his influence behind the effort to keep the United States out of the war.

EDGAR MELS, as special correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, covered the oil scandal and the Daugherty investigation.

C. B. ALLEN is first lieutenant in the Air Service Reserve.

MADGE A. RIPLEY is the wife of Samuel S. Ripley, who was born in Samoa and who wrote Our Naval Autocracy in Samoa in *The Nation* of March 15, 1922.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, writes regular Washington letters for *The Nation*.

FRANCES DENSMORE has been studying the music of the American Indians for thirty-five years.

LYNN RIGGS lived for two years in New Mexico. His first play will be produced next fall.

T. K. WHIPPLE is assistant professor of English at the University of California.

IRWIN EDMAN is assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia University. He is the author of "Poems" (1925), and is now in Italy writing.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER is professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska, and author of "Manito Masks."

D. H. LAWRENCE'S latest novel is "Plumed Serpent." He wrote "Studies in Classic American Literature."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is an authority on labor subjects.

BABETTE DEUTSCH won *The Nation's* Poetry Contest for 1925. Her latest volume is "Honey Out of the Rock."

ALLEN TATE is a poet and essayist living in New York.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Strenuous Americans" and "John L. Sullivan: An Intimate Narrative."

H. M. KALLEN is the author of "The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy," "Zionism and World Politics," etc.

HENDRIK VAN LOON is the author of "Ancient Man" and "The Story of Mankind."

H. A. OVERSTREET is professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

ARTHUR E. E. READE is a British writer who has been studying political conditions in Athens.

ROBERT BYRON is connected with the London *Daily Mail*. He has recently spent some months in Greece and the Dodecanese islands.

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BUT the experience of having a permanent room, in which he might lie long after the compulsory rising hours of those who occupy the beds of charity, put a dangerous—though highly civilized—idea into the Old Reprobate's head. He came one day to his "bank" and asked for some of his savings. He explained that he didn't want to work that day. He wanted just to sit in his room and smoke. It was this desire for contemplative leisure that proved the beginning of the end. Obviously, the object of his contemplation was not the most desirable, for the day following his excursion into leisure he came again to his benefactress. "There's a woman in my rooming-house that needs money," he said earnestly. "I told her I'd loan her $5." Lo! another middle-class virtue had knocked at his heart. The Old Reprobate was going in for philanthropy. The Kind Lady, a philanthropist herself, was not entirely convinced of the worthiness of the cause, but she could not prevail against the Old Reprobate's persistent arguments. Finally she gave him $2. After that the savings dwindled. When all of his money was gone he had to give up his room. Speak-easies knew him again, but thrift no longer. The Kind Lady asked gently if his rooming-house friend had paid back her borrowings. He confessed that he hadn't been able to find her since he had left. After all, ladies must live.

* * * * *

SO thrift, ambition, and charity betrayed the Old Reprobate to a cynical world. The Kind Lady has not seen him now for months. It may be that in his embittered state he threw himself into the sea; or it may be that he merely went South for the winter and will come back trailing a spring breeze. But the Drifter at least profited by the Old Reprobate's experience. He realized that even thrift is a snare and a delusion. But it was with real regret for a vanished faith that he drew out all his savings—and bought himself a new spring hat. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Eminent Aliens

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At this moment, when Congress is considering drastic bills dealing with aliens, restriction of their entry, their registration, their deportation, it may not be inappropriate to consider aliens in another light. Had certain aliens within the past fifty years been forbidden to enter the United States, or been harassed almost to death by compulsory registration with the accompanying requirement of an annual payment of $5, or had they been deported upon trivial evidence, would our country have lost or gained in reputation?

Naturally all of us Americans were immigrants or descendants of immigrants, but we will limit our list to those who have crossed the seas in our own time; thus ruling out Canadians, for though names like that of Dr. Osler and Bishop Brent are typical of the great addition made to our national life by those who have crossed the border, the number would be too great to be here considered. We are thinking particularly at this time of those who have come from the Old Country to the New, looking to it as to a Promised Land where there would be no pogroms or famines, but where liberty and opportunity would be found.

From Hungary came Professor Michael Pupin of Columbia University and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the Free Synagogue, and from Germany that great inventor Charles Steinmetz. Russia gave us that distinguished medalist, Victor Brenner, and his great master, St.-Gaudens, came from Ireland. Willem Hendrik van Loon, whose histories and pictures instruct and delight both young and old, came from Holland, and from the East End of London came Samuel Gompers, to whom more perhaps than to any other one man the American labor movement owes a great debt of gratitude. Marconi lived for a time among us, but as he was already distinguished when he came we cannot, perhaps, claim that we had a share in his development, though we owe much to his genius.

Robert Haven Schauffler has put it well when he says:

> Countrymen, bend and invoke
> Mercy for us blasphemers,
> For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
> Nations of darers and dreamers,
> Scions of singers and seers,
> Our peers, and more than our peers.
> "Rabble and refuse," we name them
> And "scum of the earth," to shame them.
> Mercy on us of the few, few young years,
> Of the culture so callow and crude.
> . . . . . .
> Help us to father a nation strong
> In the comradeship of an equal birth,
> In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

This then is our problem, the duties of hospitality to the alien. And how are our servants in Congress planning to circumvent the part in the history of civilization that America has taken from the beginning? House Bill Number 5583 provides for the registration through the post office of all aliens over sixteen years of age and that their changes of residence, physical appearance, and name must be reported. Failure to register is made a crime and subjects the alien to deportation. This bill would create a system of espionage and intimidation unknown in this country. We picture the youth Michael Pupin forced to undergo such indignities—would he not have decided that Hungary was more to his mind than America? Or St.-Gaudens, would he have tolerated such oppressive treatment?

Baltimore, Maryland, March 26 ELIZABETH GILMAN

Newspaper Circulation Figures

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the circulation table accompanying an article on Journalistic Jazz, in your issue of March 31, I gave inaccurate figures for the New York *World*, as follows: Daily, 314,687; Sunday, 387,912. The figures given in the 1925 Ayer's newspaper directory are 378,912 for the daily and 574,452 for the Sunday. The article was written before the 1926 Ayer's was available, giving these figures: daily, 348,148; Sunday, 581,660.

New York, March 30 SILAS BENT

Wages for Wives—A Russian View

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A group of us (with the exception of myself all Russians) discussed your recent articles on Wages for Wives. The consensus of opinion without a dissenting voice is that the whole question of wages for wives is but an additional sign of the disintegration of the family in capitalistic society and of its penetration by the selfish spirit of business.

The social revolution in Soviet Russia has liberated woman and has put her at par with man. She has been truly socialized, of course not in the absurd and sensual manner of your stupid propagandists. Woman has been socialized by giving her equal opportunities in the social, economic, and political life of the country, by guaranteeing her equality before the law, and by stressing a single standard of morality. Most women in Soviet Russia are contributing to the family income. They not only manage their household and children but fre-

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Besides these things, the fight is notable because more millions are actively engaged than in any other political contest in the country or in any we have seen in a long time, and further because the prestige, power, and political position of the dominant group in the dominant party are at stake. The Mellon-Reed interests ran the last Republican convention. They are really running the party now and victory for their candidate means that they will run it in 1928. Defeat means an unpredictable convention, and the surface calm of the good Calvin, plus his cautious if not over-grateful neutrality, does not prevent a complete understanding of the situation at the White House. It is well understood there that the prestige of his most potent support is threatened and that a Pepper defeat would in all probability be followed by a complete loss of interest in politics by Mr. Mellon and his retirement from the Cabinet. The fact is they are all badly scared. Personally my belief is that the financial interests back of Pepper are so vast that they cannot afford to lose—and won't.

However, politics is an uncertain game. You never can tell. And the battle is such an unusual one that it is a joy to see it go to the finish. It isn't often that the massed power of money is unable to straighten out the kinks without having to go to such lengths. This time they failed and they don't like it. Seldom too in American politics is there as striking a contrast presented as in the three candidates. It is a wonderful situation. There is present every element of drama save the love interest—which is notably lacking. But everything else is there—hate and greed, revenge, money, religion, license, pride, and the love of power. Also there has been injected as the outstanding issue the question always avoided by politicians if possible, but of more interest to more people than any other—the liquor question.

The story is best told by presenting the candidates.

First, Governor Gifford Pinchot, the dryest of the drys, the enemy of the "organization," the denouncer of "the gang," a reformer, an aristocrat, a crusader, graduate of two universities, the possessor of much inherited money, a Roosevelt Republican, not in tune with Mr. Coolidge, and a prickly thorn in the flesh of Mr. Mellon, appealing to the Christian men and women for support, and cracking both his opponents over the head as representatives of sinister interests.

Then there is Congressman William Scott Vare, the wettest of the wets, who went to no school after he was fourteen years old; was supporting himself at fifteen; has made his million himself; was once, so it is said, referred to by the late Senator Penrose as "the ash-cart statesman"; is regarded by some as a "roughneck"; is the boss of the unsavory Philadelphia machine, the leader of the gang, the friend of "the boys." The Philadelphia vote is about one-third the vote of the State and the Philadelphia machine is enthusiastically back of its boss, whose platform is apparently all wet. Besides the machine, Mr. Vare has support from Ralph Beaver Strassburger, the wealthy gentleman who once acted as angel for Hiram Johnson, two years ago kept Pinchot from going to the national convention, and owns a few upstate newspapers.

And finally there is Senator Pepper himself. For a while it was impossible to tell how he stood on the liquor question—but he has been smoked out. Reluctantly he took his stand with the drys—not a very firm stand, it is true, but still a stand. He is not as dry as Pinchot, but he is not as wet as Vare. He is like that in his attitude toward "machines." He looks with loathing upon the Philadelphia gang supporting Vare, but with tolerance upon the Pittsburgh machine supporting himself. Thus he establishes the claim of his friends that he is a broad-minded man capable of seeing both sides. Senator Pepper is a good man and highly educated. He never went to a public school; was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and has a long list of honorary degrees from many universities, which he enumerates in the sketch of his life, written by himself, in the Congressional Directory. In the same sketch he points out that he is a member of "various organizations and learned societies concerned with education and research." In a word, Senator Pepper is a highbrow. He is also the leading authority on the canonical law of the Episcopal church. A fine lawyer with high community standing, he came to the Senate six years ago with a reputation as a political idealist, which he has somewhat marred by the partisan character of his votes and the abandonment of his own views at the crack of the party whip.

The real thing back of Senator Pepper is the Mellon interests. If it were not for these he would not figure in the fight at all. But with Mr. Mellon, his colleague Senator Reed, the banks, the railroads, the steel interests, the big newspapers, and all that these combined interests represent, he has the strongest backing of the three. It is hard to see how he can lose. They can't afford to let him lose. But he isn't happy. Nor are they.

In the Driftway

IT was quite by accident that the Drifter saw in the account book of the Kind Lady this item: O. R.—50c. He was inquisitive, and so the story was unfolded. The Old Reprobate is, to speak plainly, a bum. He is not distinguished looking, nor are his clothes well tailored. They are instead various and of ancient vintage. He does not shave. He knows the speak-easies over well. He haunts the streets by day and fifteen-cent beds by night. But he has a leisurely and unhumble eye; and he has attained the dignity which comes of constancy in anything, whether it be improvidence or respectability. The Kind Lady is the Old Reprobate's best friend; and when he gets hard up he calls upon her for aid and advice—though he never asks for either. He merely appears and with instinctive self-respect says that he has come to call and see how "you and the little girl are gettin' along." The Kind Lady, however, divines that he has nothing in his pockets and finds him an odd job in the backyard or the basement. On one occasion the Old Reprobate worked faithfully and earned $2. The Kind Lady is also wise. "If I give you this," she said, "you'll only get drunk. I'll give you enough for a bed and breakfast and keep the rest for you." The Old Reprobate was satisfied—and a few days later brought her another dollar to keep for him. Thrift, with its attendant glow, had come into his life. Then he began to aspire. He told the Kind Lady that he wanted to save enough money to rent himself a room. He was tired of temporary fifteen-cent beds. The desire for better things had come along with thrift. His savings grew to $12—and he rented a room with part of his wealth. He had done no drinking for weeks. Both the Kind Lady and the Old Reprobate were encouraged.

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way or bus he can be where both he and his rank are unknown, or, if known, unimpressive. But even there he will not be able to erase the stamp of the university from his soul. It is not simply the worst features of campus of which he will have to beware: the committee meetings, the pedagogical shop-talk, the hierarchical gossip. The best things will be almost as fatal to him as an artist.

The life that he will come to love best as a teacher, for example, will hurt him indubitably as a writer. If a man is at all generous-minded he will not be able to resist giving the best that is in him to a body of young men who are, all things considered, as warm-hearted and intelligent a student class as one is likely to meet anywhere in the world. He will not dare to give a casual or slipshod lecture to a group containing at least one or two minds who, save in respect to the number of days already spent on earth, can hardly be rated as inferior to his own. To conduct a class of superior undergraduates for an hour is no slightly fatiguing matter. The man who tries to achieve beauty on paper will be no less solicitous of his performance in the classroom. But he can be a good teacher only at the expense of being a tired writer. And the qualities that will make him a good teacher, the ability to make things clear and vivid—to adolescents—will help to make him the author of an amiable textbook but hardly of a work of art.

In its noblest signification, it may be protested, a university is a society of inquiring scholars, not a regiment of pedagogues. To this it may be answered that that is what a university may be in essence, but not in American fact. Yet even the interests of a scholar, especially a scholar in an American university, may be perilous to a writer. Certainly literary and philosophical scholarship are largely retrospective. And however wide the business of scholars may sound, it is in fact minute and textual. Certainly, whatever else art may be, it is spontaneous and adventurous. It is the unpredictable use of fresh experience or experience freshly conceived. That is hardly the atmosphere in which American scholarship lives. The search for truth in our universities is frequently the search for commas. And it is conducted in an organization as hierarchical as that of the church, and quite as traditional.

The most characteristic aspect of a university, its intellectuality, or rather its intellectualism, can do an artist no good. A writer should have ideas surely. But ideas are really such only when they are sparks shot up by experience. They should not constitute the only experience a man has. At a university one moves among colleagues whose whole lives consist in ideas, and oftener still in the words which in the youth of their speakers stood for ideas. The writer on a campus finds himself moving in a systematized, a catalogued, what William James called a classroom universe. By thirty-five the professor-writer has become incorrigibly the professor. The caution of scholarship has become in him the timid fixity of the conservative. The dignity of the classroom has become his habitual all-day manner. His world has narrowed to "a professor's house." He may at best become a respectable critic. Journalism may seduce him off the campus, although he will always remain of it. But ten years in a university will kill the poet, the dramatist, the novelist he may have become. Longfellow and Lowell are sufficiently striking examples. If it were not too unkind one could name half a dozen contemporary examples of writers of indubitable gifts whom habituation to a campus has killed.

For myself, small examples serving as well as large ones, I like the academic atmosphere. For mildly philosophical prose and minor reflective poetry it is as good a retreat as any. If I wanted to be a novelist I should flee it, though there is at least one good novel in every campus community. (Perhaps after writing it one would wish or have to flee.) As it is I am content. Even here in the glamor of the *quatrocento* at Florence I am homesick to talk to sophomores of Santayana. For in the long run I care almost as much about teaching and scholarship as I do about writing. That is one of the troubles with a university. That is one of the pleasant perilous things it does to a writer who lives within the walls too long.

First Glance

MR. E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR has devoted six volumes to "The Lives of the Rakes" (Brentano's: $24) without ever being aware, apparently, of the two aspects of his subject most capable of making it interesting today. In the first place he has woefully failed at the task of communicating whatever thrill may still be felt in the company of thoroughly bad and abandoned men; he has made his pages only half as sensational as they might have been. Surely in the society of the century and a half between Charles II and George IV there is enough scandalous material to delight a generation of readers which has long ceased to shy at facts. Mr. Chancellor has been curiously shy and old-fashioned. Partly from what seems to be a genuine personal horror and partly, perhaps, from a notion that his audience would prefer to hear less than the truth in order that it might be free to imagine more, he has chosen to "adumbrate" the deeds of his inverted heroes rather than set them in their own sputtering light. As a result we get pages on pages of apology for details which actually are not as terrible as we wanted them to be; we are forced to sit through amateur sermons on vices which we should never dream of practicing but which we should not in the least mind hearing about; we are bored, in a word, as I believe most persons have been bored who, lured by luxurious bindings and roused by spicy titles, have opened conventional biographies of kings' mistresses and found everything there except the real thing.

Charles II, for instance, who is the subject of Mr. Chancellor's first volume, was—we know—both worse and wittier than here he is. The rakes of the Restoration—Buckingham, Rochester, Dorset, Sedley, and others—are better handled in the second volume, though the famous disrobing incident at the Cock Tavern in 1663 is too much "adumbrated" and Miss Hobart is let off with a circumlocution. Colonel Francis Charteris, the *pièce de résistance* in volume three, is Mr. Chancellor's triumph if he can boast any such; for the rascality, the brutality, and the meanness of this wholesale ravisher happens to have no extenuation in motive or circumstance, so that his present biographer—the first in modern times—could find nothing to do save go ahead with an ugly tale. The Hell Fire Club, however, is all but smothered with verbiage in volume four. There was an opportunity! The twelve "apostles" who annually came together in Medmenham Abbey for two weeks of debauchery and blasphemy under ceilings so indecently painted that Mr. Chancellor can only hold up his hands while the ink dries on his pen—these, since they included

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Sir Francis Dashwood, John Wilkes, the Earl of Sandwich, George Bubb-Dodington, and perhaps Charles Churchill, were material indeed. Mr. Chancellor has murdered it, as —after a somewhat more amusing account of "Old Q" (the fourth Duke of Queensberry) and the Earl of Barrymore— he has murdered the material offered him by the gay fellows of the Regency.

The other interesting point which Mr. Chancellor has failed to make is that the profession of rake died, or at least became merely funny and pathetic, with the transvaluation of values which the last century achieved. Since the day when we ceased to define good and evil we ceased to fear, and so to respect, any man so certain as to what evil is that he could base a career upon it—just as we have become suspicious of those who set out to live "good lives." Doubtless, however, it is too much to expect that an author incapable of thrilling when thrilling was so easy would be capable of writing the history of modern ethics.

MARK VAN DOREN

The American Indian as Philosopher

The Osage Tribe. By Francis La Flesche. *Rite of the Chiefs: Sayings of the Ancient Men.* Thirty-sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. *Rite of Vigil.* Thirty-ninth Annual Report.

HOW ancient was the coming of the ancestors of the red man to the American continent is uncertain, but there can be no doubt that his period of occupancy has been ample for the development, even past its maturity, of a type of culture which contributes to humanity a temper and character as distinctive as any which the Old World can show. Generations before the appearance of the first white man on our coasts the red man had met and conquered nature in a virgin America; and by the time of our coming the Indian had long since passed from the first rude stage of combat with that nature to reflection upon it, and in his reflection had created his own visionary interpretation of the world and his own ritualized philosophy of life.

The distinctiveness of Indian thought is indicated by the fact that it is only after four hundred years of contact between the two races that the white man is beginning to understand the red man's mind and to appreciate the beauty of its expression in art and rite. During these centuries, mainly of conflict, the losses of native lore have been tremendous and are irreparable; but before all is vanished enough will perhaps have been rescued to assure to ourselves and to posterity a truer appraisement of the red man's genius. Indeed, the value of the fragments which scholars are rescuing, almost by miracle, from the memories of old men is beyond calculation; for through these fragments we are at length coming into contact with a world of thought and imagination which only for us is new.

Among such studies the summit of importance is reached by Francis La Flesche's record of the rituals of the Osage tribe. In the first volume of this work appeared two great tribal rituals: the "Rite of the Chiefs," in which are symbolically recorded the history of the tribe and the development of its social organization, and the "Sayings of the Ancient Men," embodying mythic cosmology and cosmogony. In the second volume the "Rite of Vigil" gives the great war rituals. Other rites are to appear in future volumes, for the work is still far from completion. When it is made as complete as the memories of the old men still surviving can make it (for there are many lacunae), it will constitute the most impressive body of tribal ritual as yet recorded, and, over and above this, for those who study it, the foundation for such an insight into the Indian mind as perhaps no other document affords.

Each rite is recorded by Mr. La Flesche in three forms: a freely interpretative translation, with notes and explanations and musical notation for the songs; the Osage text, transliterated from phonographic records; the text with word-for-word translation into English, so far as this is possible. The first of these is for the general student; the second is primarily for the Osage themselves, in order that they may preserve in their own tongue the rites of their ancestors; the third is of the greatest value for all who would make a minute study of Indian thought, as well as for the student of language, and it will no doubt be of value to the Osage also, since the speech of the rituals is highly metaphorical and laden with archaic and obsolete forms. Knowing with the intimacy of a natal tongue the kindred Siouan dialect of the Omaha, Mr. La Flesche has fortunately been able to restore through comparison many meanings which for the Osage themselves were lost or uncertain, and incidentally to cast light upon the whole province of the reflective life of the most philosophic of the Plains stocks.

The Rite of the Chiefs presents in emblematic form an interesting combination of legendary history and metaphysical speculations. In its social and sacerdotal organization the Osage tribe falls into two great divisions, the Sky People and the Earth People, reflecting in theory not only the natural frame of the visible universe but also their own speculative genesis of all life from the union of Earth and Sky. The Earth People are, however, themselves subdivided into Earth and Water sections; and Sky, Earth, and Water each is made up of Seven Fireplaces, representing gentile units. The rituals record both the genesis and the rights and duties of these units. The conception appears to be that, common to many American Indian peoples, of the archetypal pre-existence of the forms of life in a world above, and of their descent into the world of experience, as it were by the continuing operation of the life-giving activity of nature, symbolized in the union of earth and sky.

Having descended to the world below the Water People first encountered the Isolated Honga, who symbolized death and employed the four winds for the destruction of life below. But with these they made a compact that they should move into a new country untouched by death and there live freed from its bane—a myth which possibly commemorates an historical episode, but which has certainly been utilized to express, symbolically, both the fact of mortality and a prayer for tribal life. The concept underlying the whole idea of descent is, says Mr. La Flesche, that "in midheaven the people come into spiritual, bodiless existence and contemplate the finding of some place where they can take on bodily form and abide as a living people." And this applies also to animals, and indeed to all life.

Another and peculiarly illuminating phase of the conception appears in portions of the war rites which deal with the souls of the battle-slain. Both song and sacrifice are devoted to expediting the journey of the souls of the slain into that spirit land where friend and enemy tread the same path. The songs "teach the initiate that even as he lives and moves about in the midst of earthly life, so he also lives in the midst of the realm of death; that there is continuity of life not only in this world but in the spirit world as well." The "vigil," in fact, is for the purpose of escaping the snare of embodied life and perceiving with clarified and inward eyes the realities of another world. Most Plains Indians seem to have considered life as a kind of ordeal, or test of valiancy, and it is out of this view that their elaborate war symbolism grew. Earth itself is likened to "a snare into which life is drawn and held captive, not only in body but also in spirit," and the ceremonial name of earth, "Ho'e-ga," means literally, we are told, a snare-like inclosure into which life falls in all its variety, never to depart therefrom except by death.

Such in general outline is the Osage conception of the relation of man to the world. There is, however, one other idea which is of the most profound interest, that of the Symbolic Man (a veritable *genius civilis*) in whom is personified the

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united activity of the tribe. The Symbolic Man is conceived as a man perfect in form and function, protector of the life of the tribe in all its phases. In time of peace his face is turned to the east, but in time of war he is conceived to have reversed his position—possibly because it was to the westward that the Osage found their most redoubtable foes. Many songs are devoted to the Symbolic Man; and of them none is more interesting than that which recounts his powers—incidentally representing a veritable primitive activism, of which the background and continuation is to be found in the great Siouan conception of Wakonda, from which all life issues, but to which, say the Osage, man must make the contribution of his own effort, tribally embodied in the Symbolic Man. Perhaps the conception is not, after all, so remote from that of an Uncle Sam lifted above the realm of cartoon and envisaged as the ideal of a people.

That there is a genuine and respectable philosophy in this body of thought is evident. But it is also a matter of no small moment that this philosophy is the result of conscious deliberation. We have been too accustomed to assume that the Greeks were the sole authors of conscious speculation, and to take for granted that primitive thinking is necessarily "mythic" fancy. It is true that primitive thinking is necessarily symbolic and ritualistic in its forms of expression; but the Osage are one of several American Indian groups in which the profession of philosopher is, and evidently long has been, recognized. The Non'hon-zhin-ga, or Little Old Men, are the keepers of the rites, and they are also called Holy Men or priests. But back of their priesthood is the tribal legend that originally they were seers who studied nature and sought out its meaning. Gradually their interest brought them together. They were assembled in the house of a big-hearted man for their discussions and speculations and finally they built up a society whose purpose was to explain to their tribe-fellows the mysteries of heaven and earth and of human life, as they came to conceive them. Certainly this is philosophic deliberation, and it is probably a very picture of the manner in which the schools of the Milesians and of the Pythagoreans came into being. With the Greeks, also, knowledge was ritualized before it was subjected to logical analysis, and it is perhaps no unforgivable flaw if American Indian thinking had not, in the old days of its vitality, discovered every instrument of self-criticism. Certainly for us its symbolism, based upon the whole fauna and flora of the continent, as well as upon the social experiences of the tribes, may be a source of both satisfaction and enlightenment for all who are willing to give to it the labor of study.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

American Heroes

In the American Grain. By William Carlos Williams. Albert and Charles Boni. $3.

MR. WILLIAMS quotes Poe's distinction between "nationality in letters" and the *local* in literature. Nationality in letters is deplorable, whereas the *local* is essential. All creative art must rise out of a specific soil and flicker with a spirit of place.

The local, of course, in Mr. Williams's sense, is the very opposite of the parochial, the parish-pump stuff. The local in America is America itself. Not Salem, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or New York, but that of the American subsoil which spouts up in any of those places into the lives of men.

In these studies of "American" heroes, from Red Eric of Greenland, and Columbus and Cortes and Montezuma, on to Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Williams tries to reveal the experience of great men in the Americas since the advent of the whites. History in this book would be a sensuous record of the Americanization of the white men in America, as contrasted with ordinary history, which is a complacent record of the civilization and Europizing (if you can allow the word) of the American continent.

In this record of truly American heroes, then, the author is seeking out not the ideal achievement of great men of the New World but the men themselves, in all the dynamic explosiveness of their energy. This peculiar dynamic energy, this strange yearning and passion and uncanny explosive quality in men derived from Europe, is American, the American element. Seek out *this* American element—Oh Americans!—is the poet's charge.

All America is now going hundred per cent American. But the only hundred per cent American is the Red Indian, and he can only be canonized when he is finally dead. And not even the most American American can transmogrify into an Indian. Whence, then, the hundred per cent?

It is here that Mr. Williams's—and Poe's—distinction between the *national* and the *local* is useful. Most of the hundred per centism is national, and therefore not American at all. The new one hundred per cent literature is all *about* Americans, in the intensest American vernacular. And yet, in vision, in conception, in the very manner, it still remains ninety-nine per cent European. But for "Ulysses" and Marcel Proust and a few other beetling high-brows, where would the modernest hundred per centers of America have been? Alas, where they are now, save for cutting a few capers.

What then? William Carlos Williams tries to bring into his consciousness America itself, the still-unravished bride of silences. The great continent, its bitterness, its brackish quality, its vast glamor, its strange cruelty. Find this, Americans, and get it into your bones. The powerful, unyielding breath of the Americas, which Columbus sniffed, even in Europe, and which sent the Conquistadores mad. National America is a gruesome sort of fantasy. But the unravished *local* America still waits vast and virgin as ever, though in process of being murdered.

The author sees the genius of the continent as a woman with exquisite, super-subtle tenderness and recoiling cruelty. It is a myth-woman who will demand of men a sensitive awareness, a supreme sensuous delicacy, and at the same time an infinitely tempered resistance, a power of endurance and of resistance.

To evoke a vision of the essential America is to evoke Americans, bring them into conscious life. To bring a few American citizens into American consciousness—the consciousness at present being all bastardized European—is to form the nucleus of the new race. To have the nucleus of a new race is to have a future: and a true aristocracy. It is to have the germ of an aristocracy in sensitive tenderness and diamond-like resistance.

A man, in America, can only *begin* to be American. After five hundred years there are no *racial* white Americans. They are only national, woebegone, or strident. After five hundred years more there may be the developing nucleus of a true American race. If only men, some few, trust the American passion that is in them, and pledge themselves to it.

But the passion is not national. No man who doesn't feel the last anguish of tragedy—*and beyond that*—will ever know America, or begin, even at the beginning's beginning, to be American.

There are two ways of being American; and the chief, says Mr. Williams, is by recoiling into individual smallness and insentience, and gutting the great continent in frenzies of mean fear. It is the Puritan way. The other is by *touch;* touch America as she is; dare to touch her! And this is the heroic way.

And this, this sensitive touch upon the unseen America, is to be the really great adventure in the New World. Mr. Williams's book contains his adventure; and, therefore, for me, has a fascination. There are very new and profound glimpses into life: the strength of insulated smallness in the New Englanders, the fascination of "being nothing" in the Negroes, the

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spell-bound quality of men like Columbus, de Soto, Boone. It is a glimpse of what the vast America *wants men to be*, instead of another strident assertion of what men have made, do make, will make, can make, out of the murdered territories of the New World.

It would be easy enough to rise, in critical superiority, as a critic always feels he must, superior to his author, and find fault. The modernist style is sometimes irritating. Was Tenochtitlan really so wonderful? (See Adolf Bandelier's "The Golden Man.") Does not Mr. Williams mistake Poe's agony of *destructive penetration*, through all the horrible bastard-European alluvium of his 1840 America, for the positive America itself?

But if an author rouses my deeper sympathy he can have as many faults as he likes, I don't care. And if I disagree with him a bit, heaven save me from feeling superior just because I have a chance to snarl. I am only too thankful that Mr. Williams wrote his book.

D. H. LAWRENCE

St. Elbert of the Heavenly Trust

The Life of Elbert H. Gary. By Ida M. Tarbell. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

THIS book is receiving wide notice; certainly not on its merits, for it is a rather shoddy performance which ordinarily would command no more than a stick or two. It has, to be sure, the subtly morbid attraction of being somewhat pathetic: for Miss Tarbell to have sunk to the reduction of complicated facts into simple falsehoods is a bit sad—a touch of sadness only heightened by her guileless illusion that the career of our greatest Rotarian is an Odyssey in American business. But this alone would hardly explain the reams of publicity upon such a life of Judge Gary.

Then why all this fuss? Mainly because the book is by the author of the "History of the Standard Oil Company," still the most outstanding attack against the Machiavelli of Big Business. No wonder the *Success* scribes are hailing Miss Tarbell as a prodigal daughter, the more precious for her return in late life. But practically all of the other reviewers write with their tongues in their cheeks; unfortunately Miss Tarbell speaks of having "discussed" the "project" of her eulogy not only with the publishers but with her Hero Himself, and that she had made the appropriate arrangements for what amounts to his silent collaboration. Curious procedure for one who was able to do such marvelous research about John D., Senior, without his slightest aid and encouragement!

The reviewers' thrusts at Miss Tarbell, though by no means unfair in view of her procedure, are somewhat unkind and quite mistaken in view of her past. Miss Tarbell never was a critic of Big Business as such. She was always its friend. Years ago Mr. Rockefeller—within the strictest logic of his operations—squeezed the small Tarbell fortune dry of its Pennsylvania oil. And the "History" was Miss Tarbell's filial revenge against the dragon. This deep inner hate against a monster trust developed in her a sort of suppressed desire for a fairy trust. After more than two decades of sighing and searching Miss Tarbell found the Prince Charming of her dreams, to wit, the Hon. Elbert H. Gary. Why this particular choice I must leave to the psychologist, for to the economist the fantasies which abound in her book seem absurd.

To Miss Tarbell Judge Gary is the source of all industrial wisdom. Now it so happens that His Honor, in his own ponderous fashion, has been extremely loquacious for years; he had been treating us to industrial prophecies with semi-annual periodicity long before he consented to edit the nice things Miss Tarbell says about him. His views have come to be looked upon by experts as being about as conclusive as the Reverend Henry van Dyke's views on *belles-lettres* or Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn's views on the natural affinity between science and religion. The Judge is as numb to the implications of modern industry as a Hindu fakir to pin-pricks, and he is even more insensate to its social ethics. As a technician he is a standing joke among steel men.

Then how did he get where he is? Fortunately Miss Tarbell gives an implicit answer. In her "History" she meant to curse Mr. Rockefeller and he emerged a genius. In this book she is trying to bless St. Elbert, but the Saint insists on acting rather, let's say, questionably on many a page. Miss Tarbell does her best to brighten these shadowy doings with a charming anecdotal touch. But somehow the anecdote freezes into something far less attractive. On page 81 this God-fearing man—Christian, wholesome, and sturdy—manages to convey to the late Mr. Morgan that good lawyers should be as expert in discovering the loopholes of the law as in testing merely the strength of its weave. In spite of his pious New England ancestry, whose collected photographs look like a series of Mr. Kirby's blue-law reformers, the Judge was quite willing to act as legal adviser to John W. Gates, the notorious wire-patent thief and one of the nimblest rascals in the history of American industry. In spite of his deep interest in the "good government" of Wheaton, Illinois, where he was a shining Sunday-school and church-picnic devotee, our hero knew well enough how to float $200,000,000 of securities on less than $56,000,000 of assets when he organized the Illinois Steel Company. And he was very adept at floating $1,100,000,000 of almost pure water when he helped to organize the United States Steel Corporation.

Obviously the man has character—if not exactly saintly then surely the character of a Big Business Pharisee, just the sort of character to have attracted the expert eye of the elder Morgan, who had a finger in the Illinois steel combine. Even at that time Mr. Morgan (who incidentally is the real hero of this story and whose most flippant remark showed more perspicacity than the Judge's collected works) was playing with all kinds of vague but pleasant theoretical prestidigitations in steel. And he decided that such a hard-working, clear-eyed, pious, willing, and none-too-imaginative saint as Judge Gary might do miracles under Morganatic guidance.

Miss Tarbell sets the date of Carnegie's earliest approachability on the subject of selling his works at 1900. As a matter of fact, Morgan felt as far back as 1898 that the old fox might sell. All he feared was the price and their hearty mutual detestation. But the idea of a basic ore trust would not leave the astute unconscious of the banker. All these were delicate hunches. They could not be intrusted to the lusty, cynical, and reckless gamblers in steel. Morgan had to do it himself, with the aid of an office boy who could be made president of a company to compete effectively with the Carnegie Steel Trust. And so Judge Gary was induced to head the Federal Steel Company in 1898. During the next two years the inner deal with Carnegie was completed. Schwab was chosen to do that. But the purely technical financing was done by Gary, and so was the vast work of organizing the new corporation. The Steel Trust, then, is the child of the brains of the elder Morgan and the *Sitzfleisch* of the Wheaton jurist.

Morgan, though a backstairs diplomat, did have the statesmanship, from the point of view of his own interests, which Miss Tarbell enlarges into a social vision in her hero. Morgan understood that the "public be damned" attitude would sooner or later have to be sublimated into something more specious; that the day of Bigger and Better Business, of the ever tighter vertical trust, of powerless stock diffusion, of welfare was dawning; that sooner or later the pirate would have to give way to the philistine. One look at Gary from the shrewd corner of Morgan's eye sufficed. J. P. found his man Friday. All Gary asked, over and above his handsome emoluments, was the right to edit the banker's trenchant remarks into unctuous public utterance. The request was cynically granted and led to a beautiful friendship, whose incidents delight the heart of Miss Tarbell.

The next quarter of a century more than vindicated Mor-

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gan's shrewd judgment. Gary piously forbade the directors to gamble with gold coins before the board meetings began; which conclusively proves that the Steel Trust never speculates. He continuously preached to the boys on his board of directors that they must render service, that labor is human, after all. With coral slowness he introduced all kinds of welfare schemes on top of the twelve-hour day and the fortnightly twenty-four-hour shift. The boys did not like these schemes, yet he fought for them, without ever taking a smoke or a chew. It is unfortunate that the manner in which he broke the steel strike of 1919 led to investigations which in time outraged everybody from the Federal Council of Churches to the Ohio gang. He had to arrange with Marshall Olds to vindicate his labor policy. And Miss Tarbell swallows Olds *in toto*. Her chapter on Gary and labor is simply incredible: the gist of it is that Gary is adored by the steel workers.

Briefly, the Judge has no imagination, no culture, nothing but average abilities. But these are raised to the n^{th} degree. Obtuseness wedded to the strength of a flawless philistinism is a terrific force. It never looks under the surface. It is imperturbable. No contradiction ever ruffles it. During the war, when the steel trust was making a handsome penny, the Judge "saved" and would not buy even a necktie. So much humorless stolidity almost fascinates one as one looks into the face of this Babbitt Buddha. A mask of Mongoloid breadth, bare of every emotion, with unwinking eyes, stares straight at you. It is as though the very soul of this man were a heavyweight wrestler, ready to pin down, slowly and crushingly, every progressive hope in our industrial order. In his long exercises on the carpet of reaction the Judge has learned a trick or two besides high finance. He was, indeed, among the first to discover that one must never say "the public be damned," but say "the public be served." The difference—and therein lies our hero's discovery—is very slight; and it pays. And because it pays, Miss Tarbell's saint is also the Patron Saint of Rotaria.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Between the Winds

Cloud Cuckoo Land. By Naomi Mitchison. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE epigraph of this historical novel is an Alcaic fragment which may be roughly rendered thus:

> I do not know the origin of the winds;
> This wave rolls in one direction,
> That in another, but we in the midst of them
> Are borne along in our black ship.

And it is thus, ignorant of the forces tossing him hither and yon, a helpless, hopeful, wind-driven creature, that Alxenor of Poieëssa is carried through the struggle between Athens and Sparta, which is the warp of the story. The woof of it is the adventures of this young man, beaten upon by both powers, able to hold supreme allegiance to neither, and in the end setting off with Cyrus into Asia in the sad certainty that it is only "the men—and the States—that believe in themselves and their own right and nothing else that really win and get what they want." His friend, the Athenian boy Hagnor, whose father had a way of seeing both sides and was made to drink hemlock for it, thinks otherwise: "But if one could truly take the middle way, oppressing no one, the Gods would stay their hands." "The Gods might be merciful," replies Alxenor, "but not men. You would be hated from both sides—crushed by the millstones." It is this problem of the respective values of loyalty and aloofness, tolerance and devotion—a problem as alive today as it ever was—which agitates the heart of the book and helps to make it the searching, disturbing thing it is.

The author sides neither with Sparta nor with Athens, though her stronger sympathies are with the city of Pericles. She salutes the virtues bred in men who are dedicate to a civic ideal which demands the complete surrender of individuality. She fears that ideal. She recognizes, too, the majesty of empire and the risks of democracy. She cannot accept these things wholeheartedly. And she shows herself convinced that to the victor—if a pun is allowable—belong the soils: the stain of arrogance, the muck of stupidity, the uncleanness of cruelty. She takes us on Alxenor's journeys—gives us Athenians and Spartans both, eating and drinking, voting and merrymaking, in battle and in bawdry, with their friends and with their slaves, raising their sons and daughters, begetting and dying. And, perhaps just because her protagonists are rather types than persons, she makes us realize sharply the two ways of life of these two Greek states.

The characters are less clearly envisaged than are some moments in their separate dramas. Mrs. Mitchison has a gift for creating atmosphere which makes certain scenes stay in the memory with that strange mixture of vividness and unreality which belongs to remembered dreams. Her abundance of concrete detail about food and clothing and household furniture goes further than a whole shelf of solemn chronicles toward conveying what it once meant to be a citizen of Athens or Sparta, or of the little island Poieëssa, for that matter, in the days when Aristophanes was snickering publicly at politicians, and Thucydides, in exile, was giving them another sort of immortality. And since the adventures of Alxenor involve not only civil war and dangerous escapes and fierce sea-fights but such homely matters as childbirth and marriage ceremonies and deaths, and the decent ritual that attends these events, one gets, over and above the pure excitement of the action, a feeling for the ancient dignities and graces of life, its ever-present pity and terror. The writing is racy, simple, and vigorous. It is a book that whets the appetite for more of Mrs. Mitchison's evocative work.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Complex Melancholy

Dialogues in Limbo. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THAT Mr. Santayana has been influenced by many of the results of the new sciences he has elsewhere given explicit testimony in a repeated contempt for the old-fashioned categorical psychology, which he calls "literary psychology." Yet of all the philosophic writers of the age he is notably, in the sense understood by laboratory philosophers, the most unscientific. He has not molded his convictions in any of the technologies handed on from the decayed Porches of German Idealism; he has not fitted them out with a professional scaffolding of the schools. His writings have been neglected, often ignored, by the systematic academicians. For something of professional interest has doubtless been lost to his critics: it has not been possible to refute the body of his opinion with the zealous citation of an undistributed middle.

"Conjunction," writes a distinguished technical metaphysician of this age, "is the representation of the synthetical unity of the manifold." Mr. Santayana restores such a rationalized judgment to the original terms of immediate intuition, to the complex of emotion, intellection, volition which is its origin; in a word, he restores it to metaphor: "Nowadays I place less reliance than ever upon exact words . . . and I feel that there is a current in things that carries all our thoughts away." Mr. Santayana's remark about the disguised Calvinism of Immanuel Kant is famous, and now disillusioned, perhaps through his attention to the clinical discoveries of Freud, with the intellectualized sentimentality of technical speculation, he is one of three or four philosophers writing in English from completely integrated minds.

His devotion to the early Greek physicists is well known. He has penetrated the doctrines of Greek atomism with indefatigable subtlety and sought their ultimate foundations; he has found them to be closer to nature, to "matter," than any later Western philosophy. Mr. Santayana's Hellenic material-

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ism, different in important respects from the nineteenth-century scientific mechanism of Haeckel of which it is nevertheless the prototype, admits of another principle that makes him a Platonist in art and morals. His unsystematic system of philosophy—"Skepticism and Animal Faith"—was, of course, the mysticism of a skeptic. Its logic is a contemptuous refutation of "closed systems," but this rigorously critical logic relaxes in a special case, permitting the stability of essences, arduously distinguished from the pure illusions of Pyrrhonism, to survive the flux of matter. The dualism is virtually Platonic, personally and profoundly assimilated to a modern consciousness; and it differs from the Platonism of Mr. Paul Elmer More in that it is not chiefly a persuasive morality or a deliberate instrument of literary judgment. It is an organization of the total sensibility into a mode of self-sufficient contemplation.

The two principles, stated again in this latest book, are these: " . . . the flux of matter in which every life is formed and dissolved, and the pure spirit which, chained to the mast like Odysseus among the Sirens, looks out upon the strange scene, both before and after." In these dialogues—set forth in Mr. Santayana's usual precision and elegance of style and projected with such strict attention to form that they are doubtless his chief performance in literature—Democritus characteristically expounds the "flux of matter," while a Platonic Socrates prompts The Stranger (Mr. Santayana himself) to the notion of "pure spirit" contemplating the world through the archetypes of the master.

Mr. Santayana's philosophic attitude takes little of its substance from any of the schools since Aristotle; and one may suspect that he makes Aristotle a good enough Platonist. But his methods, particularly his implicit conviction that the traditions of Western philosophy are bankrupt, are historically nearer the predicament systematic philosophy found itself in after the fall of the New Academy at Athens. For the next step beyond Mr. Santayana is eclecticism. Sextus Empiricus, the learned skeptic of the fourth century, inspected the ruin of ancient thought and found it a remote mixture of technical doctrines, the terms of which he used again in a philosophy without vital sources in the age; its source had dried up. The next step beyond Mr. Santayana, in other words, is the decay of an entire culture. The techniques of the past are lost, and a complex melancholy invokes the rarefied spirits of the ancient sages. He calls to Democritus and Socrates, and most significantly to Avicenna, whose adventure in the study of Aristotle rouses Mr. Santayana to the chary romanticism which disgust with contemporary excesses permits to a spirit of ethical sobriety. He admires the discipline of ancient Greece and respects the fixity of the Catholic church. "There is no God, and Mary was His mother."

Although in his contempt for doctrine he seems to have recovered something of the fresh curiosity with which the pre-Socratic philosophers looked at the world, he obviously does not precede a tradition but comes after one; solution is the condition of disappearance in culture as well as of its crystallization. And it is still more important to observe certain tendencies in his political and moral thought; they could proceed only from a mind informed with old and expiring cultures. Mr. Santayana deprecates the traditional instruments of metaphysics, but he evinces an unmistakable nostalgia for some of the religious and social institutions which arose when the philosophies were at the zenith. More particularly, his love of these institutions takes one form in a preference for the Greek character; but he must now find, according to an opinion expressed outside the present volume, what consolation he can in the youth and country life of England. The forms of traditional cultures having collapsed and new forms, if they shall rise, not yet having risen, Mr. Santayana looks back inconsolably from the destruction of the Western world toward its ancient vitalities. Democritus, Socrates, Aristippus, Avicenna—all are examined for a spiritual synthesis that can never be made. Proclus, hating the fall of Greek culture before the advance of Christianity, practiced magic as the essence of religion and used the fragments of neo-Platonism in the impossible synthesis of despair.

Mr. Santayana writes with all the intellectual equipment of the age at his command; he knows the sciences; he has concerned himself most anxiously with modern psychology. In an age of technical confusion he might have neglected to discipline his style into the mature and serious literary expression that it is. He might have occupied himself, like Sir Thomas Browne, with sonorous confusion about mortality. But his modern techniques are immediately related to ancient wisdoms; Freud's metapsychology becomes Buddhism. Mr. Santayana's implicit metaphysical system has a striking resemblance to recent neo-realistic speculations of Mr. G. E. Moore, but he is not seriously enough the philosopher to define his terms and join in the formation of a school.

ALLEN TATE

Tallemant des Réaux

Miniature Portraits. By Tallemant des Réaux. Translated by Hamish Miles. Brentano's. $4.

Tallemant des Réaux. By Sir Edmund Gosse. Oxford University Press. Seventy cents.

GÉDÉON TALLEMANT, SIEUR DES RÉAUX, was born of a wealthy Protestant family at La Rochelle in 1619. As a youth he loved conversation, verse-making, and roving; he dabbled in law, but specialized in social accomplishments; therefore he soon gravitated to Paris, where his good breeding enabled him to marry a rich girl, who was either twelve or fifteen years old. For several decades he did nothing but tiptoe around the fastidious Hôtel de Rambouillet, where, with ears forever on the alert, he listened to the endless chatter and chitchat of and about the great and near-great who frequented it. At thirty-eight he began to jot down his impressions of his contemporaries, and, having not the slightest idea of publishing them during his lifetime, he wrote with a frankness equaled only by Pepys. In his old age he was involved in many troubles. He lost his money; most of his Huguenot relatives, following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, wisely recanted and became Catholics; and Tallemant himself, after hesitating for a time, diplomatically yielded to the soft persuasions of a Jesuit priest whose Latin poems he admired. Careless of fame and overlooked by his contemporaries, who never suspected his genius, he made no effort to win recognition; there is no portrait of him and absolutely nothing is known of his personal appearance. Toward the end he tiptoed into the circle of adorers who surrounded the once capricious but now exemplary Ninon de l'Enclos, who had transferred her affections from her countless admirers to God. He lived on and on, solitary and rather sad, but ever listening and writing, until he tiptoed into oblivion in 1692.

His enormous folio of 798 pages lay forgotten until it was sold for 20 francs at an auction in 1803. The purchaser, discovering that he had made a genuine find, caused extracts to be published; they aroused a vast amount of curiosity, and around the year 1835 the "Miniatures" were first printed in full. If fragments of the "Historiettes" had stirred interest, the whole of them caused an earthquake. Amazed Frenchmen now learned that the super-polite seventeenth century was not so polite after all. "L'arrangement de petitesses"—thus Tallemant labeled his art—made Victor Cousin and other historians of the grand manner boil over with rage; surely, those scandalous sketches were pure (no, impure) impostures! For the first time, in fact, the notables of the Grand Siècle ceased to be puppets and became human beings. With Gallic deftness, Gallic brevity, and Gallic precision, Tallemant portrayed his specimens as they lived and breathed: cardinals are devout, foxy, and gourmandish, kings are as loutish as the

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canaille, and—the last straw!—regal courtesans become as dully commonplace as wives. Yet he was too great an artist to delineate only the seamy side; ever aloof and detached, and too wise either to praise or condemn, he cared no more, and no less, for virtue than for vice—both were merely an essential part of the picture, and that was all. Like his contemporary John Aubrey, he tended to look for oddities and eccentricities; but the Frenchman has a pith and pungence never quite paralleled by the Englishman.

Twenty-five of Tallemant's almost five hundred "Miniatures" have now for the first time been translated into English. Quotations are always likely to be futile, but here are several that indicate something of his range. La Fontaine was more than a mere fabulist: "his father found him a wife, and he married out of complaisance. His wife declares that he dreams so much, that sometimes he is three weeks without remembering that he is a husband. She is a coquettish creature, and her conduct has been irregular for some time. He is in no way concerned with that. They say to him: 'But so-and-so is playing with your wife.' 'I'faith!' says he, 'let him do what he can. I care not two pins. He'll grow tired of her as I've done.' This indifference has infuriated the woman. She pines away with chagrin. He takes his love where he finds it. A certain procuress having retired to the town, he gave her lodging, and one day his wife surprised them. He merely forbore, bowed, and left." Father André "preached an infinite number of Lenten and Advent sermons, but he always preached like a mountebank, not because he had the intention of making people laugh, but because he was by nature a buffoon . . . after delivering a great harangue against the dissolute life of . . . Mary Magdalene, he was seized with an idea: 'Down there,' he said, 'I can see one who is very like the Magdalene, and now, because she does not mend her ways, I am going to mark her out and throw my handkerchief at her head.' And as he said the words, he took his handkerchief and made as if to throw it. At once all the women lowered their heads. 'Ah!' he cried, 'I thought there was but one. And here there turn out to be a hundred and more!' . . . He once began a sermon thus: 'Hay of the Pope, hay of the King, hay of the Queen, hay of His Eminence the Cardinal, hay of you, hay of myself, all flesh is as grass and withereth.'" And certainly only Frenchmen could act—and write—with such a quintessence of refinement as appears in this: "The Marshal d'Ornano would not have anything to do with a virgin, or with a woman of the name of Mary, from the respect he bore toward the Mother of God."

In recent times a great amount of nonsense has been written about the "new" biography; "Miniature Portraits" and Sir Edmund Gosse's excellent pamphlet ought to convince the critics that its novelty dates at least more than two centuries back. O Strachey, where is thy sting? O Guedalla, where is thy victory?

R. F. DIBBLE

Narcissus

Israel. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Boni and Liveright. $3.

"ISRAEL" is what Mr. Lewisohn has at present come to on his way upstream. Whether it signalizes that he is home at last or stopping twenty minutes for lunch only time can tell. The immediate point is that the book does not present itself as an objective study of a people whom the traditional conventions of our culture call peculiar, but as the present phase of an autobiography of which the earlier modes were set forth in "Upstream" and "Don Juan." "Israel" is no less personal and intimate than those, and it is possessed besides of an intensity which those lack. Its style is like a flame. Lyric passion carries its theme from beginning to end. Singing eloquences run through it that more than once lift to a beauty poignant to the point of pain.

It is his own odyssey that Mr. Lewisohn so celebrates—"in the meantime every Jew can find himself. I have done so. Not every one need go upon so long a pilgrimage. But every one can come home to himself and to Israel, and to learn that to be a Jew is to be a friend of mankind, to be a proclaimer of liberty and peace." In a word, Mr. Lewisohn looked at Israel and saw an image of his perfect, his own best self.

For the Israel that is composed in this book and the Israel which is made up of the communities of Jews who live and struggle to live in the cities of the United States and enclaves of mid-Europe and the villages of Palestine are two and not one. The former is a work of art; the latter is an event of history and political economy. The latter is a congeries of customs, hungers, drives, hopes, traditions, rebellions, survivals, and possessions organized about a dubious and unstable common center of equilibrium in a shifting pattern of integration and dissolution, and holding to a rather protean identity amid the clashing processes of modern life. The former is a clear and simple unshakable spirit, forever the suffering servant of mankind.

To Mr. Lewisohn Israel is "a nation by force of the spirit alone, by cleaving to an idea, a tradition, a faith . . . one people that had forever exchanged the edge of the sword for the witness of the spirit"; a unique people that in its tolerance and loving-kindness had "from its first exile learned the lesson that mankind waits to learn . . . dedicated by history and character to a complete abstention from the exercise of force and the exertion of power . . . a people of individualists, protestants, moral revolutionaries. . . . No Jewish writer or thinker is a reactionary . . . did not throw the weight of his talent, critical or creative, on the side of liberty, tolerance, peace . . . Jews are the people of reason and peace. . . . That constitutes our function among the nations and our service to mankind."

Just to set these things down is to exhibit the unreality of this Israel, who in himself is certainly not without these traits but who is as certainly not without all the others which are the lot of mankind. But Mr. Lewisohn is not concerned with seeing Israel as he is, he is concerned with projecting an image of his own desire. He gives this image body and he vindicates it as a portrait of the life to come in Palestine by various texts from the Bible and the fathers. The use of these texts does not seem to me different from that which, of a Sunday, any preacher makes of his text abstracted from its content—and its occasion and the time and place and circumstances of its utterance ignored or unknown.

The body of the book is an eloquent filling of this abstraction with the surface of Jewish life passionately seen and appreciated in mid-Europe, in Poland, in Palestine. It is all highest light and deepest shade. The Jews of Poland become Rembrandtesque; the Jewry of Palestine heirs of the prophets, building a pacifist, non-political, cultural state from which is to spread "the lesson that mankind still waits to learn." The *vita nuova* of this state should be projected in English, Hebrew, German, since without them the mission of Israel cannot be accomplished. Also, Yiddish, or Ladino, or Aramaic would not command a sufficient audience. Of course, there must be Hebrew, but "the voice of the Hebrew poet will never reach even half of his own people as a living voice." It will not reach mankind at all."

Well! . . .

All in all I get the impression, inescapably, that the author of "Israel" has missed altogether the dynamic units, past and present, in the Jewish social organism. I get the impression that there has come to him no realization of what the qualities of these units in fact are or how they do actually, in daily life, make contact with the larger social groupings of which they are dynamic parts. Mr. Lewisohn's present wishes and past experiences seem to define for him whatever social causation he acknowledges. Hence he calls assimilation the cause of modern anti-Semitism and war its occasion. Hence he declares that when war is no more and when what I am accustomed to

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call cultural pluralism is a conscious rule as well as a material fact of international behavior, anti-Semitism will end. Then, quoting Scripture for his purpose, he draws a portrait and draws up a program and names them Israel.

Jews and non-Jews both, according to their prejudices and tastes, will call this portrait flattery or caricature, but they will not call it true. Israel is too entirely human for that, too altogether like the rest of us. I happen myself to be a pluralist, cultural and other, a Zionist, and a pacifist. I happen to have been so for quite a long time. But I could no more see these things and these only in Israel than I could in John Bull, or Ivan Bear, or Uncle Sam. Nor could any candid historian or economist or psychologist of scientific training and sympathetic mind. The Jewish people is a historic social group, with a well-defined and hitherto continuing group-personality. In its struggle to maintain itself it behaves as other groups behave, manifesting, within the limits set by its environments, similar qualities and similar defects. Untoward circumstances have exaggerated some qualities and some defects to a point of abnormality. But as the defects are no ground for persecution, so the qualities are no ground for privilege. The Jews are entitled, *as they are*, with their imperfections as well as their virtues on their heads, to the same freedom to live their own lives and do their own work as other people, neither more nor less. Their title requires no justification by a claim to superior service or superior culture or superior ideals. It is not without significance that Mr. Lewisohn makes this claim. As a cultural pluralist he should know better, but make it he does. His restatement of the compensatory doctrines of "the chosen people" and "the mission of Israel" is not less a restatement of those doctrines, and not less compensatory, because he does not use those terms but uses instead the terms of pacifism and cultural democracy. These may be what Mr. Lewisohn seeks; they do not compose the living fulness of what the Jews are. In "Israel" Mr. Lewisohn is still regarding himself, this time through another social medium.

H. M. KALLEN

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THOSE six volumes stand peacefully on my desk and I feel as I used to do, fifteen years ago, whenever I had spent a couple of days in that strange museum in Munich which contained an accurate and ample record of everything that had ever been invented or discovered. But the visit was invariably followed by a severe intellectual "Kater." What was the use of trying to learn anything at all when there were so many things to learn that one could never even hope to scratch the surface?

At the same time these volumes speak a message of hope that ought to be duly writ down in the annals of the year of grace 1926. I am not using the word "message" in its usual sense as an expression of that cheap optimism which holds that all is well with the world because 90 per cent of the white race may now hope to buy a Ford car. A terrible lot is still wrong with this universe, or, to be more exact, with that particular species of mammal which has chosen our little planet as its habitat.

At the same time there are certain definite indications which speak of a more agreeable future. We may be only neolithic stragglers who flit about in Tin Lizzies. But we

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have at least reached the point at which we recognize ourselves as survivors from an Age of Barbarism. We no longer brag about the wonderful things we have accomplished. Rather we have begun to wonder whether during the last twenty centuries we have accomplished anything at all. In the field of science we are, of course, far ahead of our distant ancestors. But in almost every other respect we continue to be savages, and the belated realization of the fact may save us from continuing along a road that looked backward and that seemed to lead straight back to the Stone Age.

We all know how it was before the war. Of course we had our problems. Capital and labor seemed to be at loggerheads. The Chinese were waking up. The Japanese were imitating our pantaloons and our engines and there still were slums in the heart of our big cities. But in due time sociology and applied biology and political economy would solve those problems for us. Meanwhile the railroad and the steamboat and the electric telegraph and the flying machine had made us all neighbors. And Esperanto and international traveling checks would do the rest. Then came the decade of disillusionment, and when the smoke lifted, behold, a thousand battlefields spoke of our baffled hopes and the great and wonderful white race had made such a sorry spectacle of itself that even the imperturbable followers of Kong-Fu-Tze could not entirely suppress a smile of commiseration. *Homo sapiens* found himself at the crossing of the roads. The choice before him was a difficult one. Pithecanthropus grinned a nasty welcome. Only a desperate effort on the part of the grandson could prevent him from slipping back to grandpa's messy cave. Would he make such an effort, and could he?

Fortunately, I am not responsible for statesmen, bankers, and other "practical" members of the human race. They continued the even tenor of their days and proceeded to do business among the ruins of a discarded civilization as if the war had been a comma and not a full stop. The scientists, on the other hand, knew that something was amiss, that the time had come to put their little craft into dry-dock, inspect it for damage, and bring about such improvement as would fit it for further service.

As a result we first of all went through the period of outlines. I shall be the last to claim that those outlines were perfect or had any lasting value. They performed, however, a very useful service. They made large numbers of people aware of the hitherto unsuspected fact that there was such a thing as continuity in the development of mankind; that nations and wars and pestilences were not dislocated facts but the natural manifestations of a vague substance called the human spirit and subject to those primeval instincts which no one had ever taken the trouble to explain except in terms of wickedness and virtue.

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This is to be no Five Foot Bookshelf. Ten minutes a day will not make a man wise. I doubt whether twenty hours a week will make him a social success or will materially increase his account with the Second National. After all, the daily life of a paleolithic village has few points of contact with the modern world. A knowledge of the cult of trees or familiarity with the Ka ka mara Tales has little value in a civilization that turns its trees into Sunday supplements and inspires its infants to noble deeds by reciting the epic of Andy Gump. At

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the same time such collections are of inestimable value in the approaching war with popular stupidity.

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HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

The New History

The New History and the Social Studies. By Harry Elmer Barnes. The Century Company. $4.

EDUCATION has had, for a number of years, a sound common sense about history. It has believed that the human individual is not properly orientated unless he can see his present in relation to the past. Hence, both in the elementary and the higher schools and colleges, history has become the backbone study. There has, however, been something pathetic about it all—on the one hand, the fine confidence that teachers have had that only through a generous understanding of the past could their pupils achieve a wisdom for the future; on the other, the lamentable material placed at their disposal by the professional historians. One might almost say that historians have been at greatest pains to convince us that the only living values in human history were to be found in military adventure and dynastic intrigues. One reads the conventional school texts in vain to discover any adequate appreciation of the profounder movements of the human spirit. It is hardly to be wondered at, then, if the wisdom gleaned from such study is the conviction that war is glorious and inevitable, and that politics is the most engrossing occupation of *homo sapiens*.

Fortunately, however, the situation is changing. A new point of view is beginning to take shape among the historians. As life is more than eating and drinking, so, it begins to be seen, has the life of man been more than brutal episodes of conquest or the infantile exhibitions of self-glorification. Human history has really amounted to something. Mankind have really striven and advanced. The Platos and Galileos and Rousseaus have been at least as significant as the Alexanders, the Neros, and the Henry the Eighths. The revolts of slaves, the protests of free burghers, the fights of trade unions have had as veritable a part to play in shaping our destinies as the intrigues of drunken Popes or the lusts of de Medicis. All this needs to be told to our children—if for nothing else, at least so that when, as successful men of affairs (or as their wives) they make their grand tour to Europe, they will not do as the grown-up children of the present generation do, make a bee-line Cook's Tour to the battlefields!

Mr. Barnes has been fortunate enough to grow up with this new view of history; and he has, in all of his writings, been one of its brilliant promoters. In this volume he makes an exhaus-

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tive analysis of the whole situation in history, starting with a chapter on The Past and Future of History and then proceeding with a number of chapters showing the relation, successively, of geography, psychology, anthropology, sociology, natural science, economics, political science, and ethics to history. As one finishes the reading one is aware of how thorough a revolution is taking place in this field of science, and how profoundly a new generation inducted into history, thus broadly and deeply conceived, will be affected. If education has any power at all to shape the human mind and spirit, here assuredly is a means whereby a more wholesome outlook may be achieved with regard to the proper business of mankind.

Mr. Barnes is not highly optimistic about the future. He sees society today largely in the grip of myths and of crystallized prejudices. He sees little hope for a sudden change to clear thinking and to a reasonable behavior in the region of our social life. Yet one has but to run through the perfectly astounding list of references contained in this book to realize how widely and strongly the scientific mind of today is moving in a direction away from the stupid mythologies and the narrow provincialisms of the past. As the scientific mind moves, so surely must the world move. One comes therefore from this volume not only with gratitude to the few valiant spirits—preeminent among them James Harvey Robinson—who inaugurated this new movement in historical science but with a sense of the power with which the new ideas are spreading all through the scientific world.

The book is a monument of labor. Every student of social science will wish to have it constantly at his elbow, for it achieves the happy success of being both a lively and penetrating interpretation and a thoroughgoing source of historic and bibliographic information. H. A. Overstreet

Books in Brief

Adventures of an Illustrator. By Joseph Pennell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $12.50.

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Relation in Art. By Vernon Blake. Oxford University Press. $6.

Mr. Blake's book is more ambitious than its title suggests. The early chapters are devoted to the exposition of a complete system of metaphysics, upon which an aesthetic theory is based. This philosophy has important points of contact with the Einstein theory of relativity, though it appears to have been developed independently, and exhibits the besetting vices of traditional metaphysics. Its net results when summarized are exceedingly tenuous. One is tempted to apply to the author words originally spoken of a distinguished college president: "He can go in deeper, and stay in longer, and bring up less than any living philosopher." His later analysis of specific pictures, statues, and buildings is often excellent, and always worthy of consideration. Here his experience as a practical artist comes into play, illuminating his observation and enabling him to show the technical means by which effects are produced. For the most part Mr. Blake claims absolute validity for his own preferences, though he usually attempts a logical justification for them. Relativity, as conceived by him, is itself a kind of absolute, since it has to do with the adjustment of the work of art to the laws of the universe rather than to the changing moods and demands of human beings.

The Songs of Sappho. Translated into English Verse by Marion Mills Miller. Critical Memoir and Introduction on the Recovery and Restoration of the Egyptian Relics. By David Moore Robinson. Frank-Maurice. $20.

This handsome volume is the only complete collection of all the known fragments of Sappho. And when one has said that and noticed, also, Professor Robinson's scholarly history of the Sapphic fragments one has said all. Mr. Miller's verse translations could scarcely be worse, being neither Greek nor English but a rhetorical locution in which the extreme precision of Sappho's style expands to a diffuse jargon supposed by the vulgar to be "poetic." Professor Robinson's obsession is middle-class morality: "Sappho conducted a sort of young ladies' seminary." Homosexuality removed, we may enjoy the *poetry* of Sappho undisturbed. One need not pause over this familiar stupidity. One may reflect that Sappho the "Lesbian" is hardly less socially desirable than Sappho the mid-Victorian chaperon, and that, further, a sound moral state might be made out for her in either role.

The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. With an Introduction by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Selected and edited by Edna Kenton. The American Library. Albert and Charles Boni. $5.

The Jesuit Martyrs of North America. By John J. Wynne, S. J. The Universal Knowledge Foundation.

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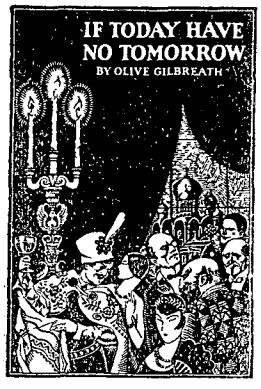

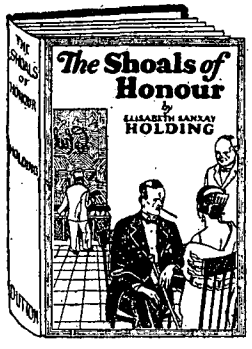

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The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By James Boswell, Esq. Edited with notes by Arnold Glover. With an Introduction by Austin Dobson. Fully illustrated with about one hundred drawings in pen and ink by Herbert Railton and many portraits in photogravure. E. P. Dutton and Company. Three volumes. $10.

Though not the best edition for the scholar, this is perhaps the most suitable "library" and "gift" edition of Boswell. The end-papers are a map of Johnson's London; the illustrations are of the streets and buildings one most wants to see; and Austin Dobson's introduction, reprinted from the edition of 1901, is a topographical gem.

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Street" and the Kaufman-Connelly "Beggar on Horseback," where the public had been gradually prepared to regard a familiar phenomenon in a new light; or, to take a case more relevant to the play which provoked these reflections, consider the triumphant "Rain," for the success of which a whole course of popular education was necessary. The growing metropolitan distrust of the reformer and all his works had to be combined with some awareness of the intimate relationship between religious ecstasy and sexual excitement, and this awareness could only have been the result of the gradual downward seepage of the information collected by learned and remote psychologists. Five years earlier the play would have fallen dead before an audience in whom no channels had been prepared through which the emotions it provoked could run; ten years later it would doubtless seem, in spite of its melodramatic deftness, uncomfortably platitudinous; but it appeared at its appropriate moment and it arranged into a pattern the chaotic complex of ideas and emotions present in the mind of each member of its audience.

Since its day playwrights and producers have circled about its theme and attempted to recapture its success. Within the last few weeks two plays, "The Virgin" and "Devils," have dealt with the baneful influence of fanatical religion, and the clergyman-villain has become a familiar figure; but no play since "Rain" has come so near to equaling its effectiveness as William Hurlbut's "Bride of the Lamb," which has just awakened the enthusiasm of its first-night audience at the Greenwich Village Theater. Based upon a similar theme and intended to release similar emotions, it does not, it is true, save in the incident at the very end which precipitates the catastrophe, present any situation which is strikingly fresh. From the moment the traveling evangelist, a robust and magnetic man, enters the house of the woman married to a man who has gradually sunk into flabby incompetence, one knows what the result will be. It is a foregone conclusion that this woman's suppressed passions, stimulated by the excitement of a religious revival, will mount in steady violence until it is plain even to her that her desire for the celestial bridegroom is only a disguise of the desire for his earthly representative; and yet there is a sturdy competence about the handling of the plot and about the characterization of the principal personages which sustains the interest and keeps alive a vigorous concern for the fate of the people involved. The author has built solidly if not brilliantly, and the proof of his success may be found in the fact that even the violence of his conclusion remains credible. The wife has confessed her love and the evangelist, responding to it, has nevertheless pointed out that her husband stands as an insurmountable obstacle between them. As the moment of parting approaches her desire to go with him grows into an obsession which carries her to the brink of insanity. Acting upon the impulse of a moment she poisons her husband with a bottle of shoe-cleaner, and then when the evangelist's wife suddenly turns up—not to make trouble but merely as one would visit a friend—the murderess bursts into a fit of hysterical laughter and is found by the police who come in search of her dressed like Ophelia for her wedding day. It is, I say, a triumph to have made this conclusion credible, and if Mr. Hurlbut never rises as high as tragedy his play is at least smashing melodrama and, in addition, melodrama written upon a formula which has a certain contemporary validity.

It is never difficult to distinguish even relatively unsuccessful plays whose merits are merits of the first order from the most successful examples of those whose virtues are always of a secondary kind and with this latter group "Bride of the Lamb" undoubtedly belongs. One cannot, for example, fail to note that the Main Street atmosphere which is so successfully evoked is the result of a lesson which the author has well learned from others rather than of any individual perception, and it is similarly obvious that there is nothing in the whole play which bears the stamp of a mind powerfully original in any respect. Yet granted the fact that it can lay no claim to greatness it is about as good as any play of its sort can be, and much the same must be said of the production which it is given. Crane Wilbur and Alice Brady successfully avoid the caricature into which they might easily have fallen, and the performance of the latter especially is, if not exactly inspired, thoroughly competent.

"Schweiger" (Mansfield Theater) is a play by Franz Werfel which, unlike the "Goat Song," never achieves any very clear expression of the author's intention and in which, unfortunately, both Ben Ami and Anne Harding succumb to the temptation which it offers to overact. "What's the Big Idea" (Bijou Theater) tells how a go-getting son revived the failing fortunes of his father's drug-store by installing a soda-fountain and other modern improvements. It does not rise much above its theme. "Ashes of Love" (National Theater) is, or rather was, not much worse than several plays which have not been written by the Countess Cathcart.

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